

DiScORDER

jancember 00/01
free

that girly, overcritical magazine from citr 101.9 fm



**The
Need
Dirty
Three
Panty
Boy
Kit
Clayton
and
Sutekh
Cataract
TopTens!**



Looking Back... 2000

(boxed not included mirror)

BADLY DRAWN BOY The Hour Of Bewilderfest

"The gorgeous melodies and ornamental dissonance will grip you, but it's Gough's romantic ramblings that are difficult to shake." **WINN**
Now Magazine

"One of the best pop albums of the year."
LA Press

"Badly Drawn Boy has his own eclectic bag of tricks, including an instrumental palette that ranges from minimalist to lavish - an intriguing debut."
Toronto Star



The Great Eastern, the band's third long-player, is technically brilliant, epic in its reach, and reveals a passion, maturity and depth. By far the band's most accomplished work to date.

MCM

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MCM Corporation, born in an endless treasure chest of ideas old, new, borrowed and cool, the Mirror Conspiracy skips through reds, dubs, lounge music, breaks, beats and postmodern along the way.

SAINT ETIENNE SOUND OF WATER

A soft soundclass of electronics and acoustics, programming and orchestration. Sound of Water distills and riples with exquisite nuances. It's beyond headphoners-then-ly: wearing a pair is virtually de rigueur.



mojave3

excuses for travellers

"Mojave 3 are fronted by Neil Halstead, ex-Glowdown, and otherwise known as Britain's best-kept secret. You'd never know it from looking, but he's one of the greatest songwriters we've got; subtle, poignant and gently reminiscent of Nick Drake." - **ME**



Heiner

we love the city



We Love the City is the third all-new, full-length studio release from Heiner, hot on the heels of the recent Boxing Heiner collection.

sulfur



XL

too pure

mantra

MOLEX

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WITCA

DISORDER

Issue 213 • December/January 00/01 • That Magazine From CTR 101.9FM

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cover

What a surprise! Yukie Kawabe mailed us this cover art from Tokyo. She digs *Disorder* and we dig her. Check out more of her drawings in the Top Tens (p. 26).

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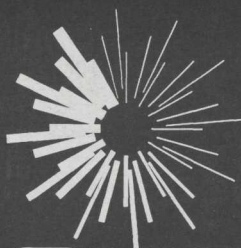
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by janismckenzie&jamaal

This is the season when a grumpy columnist might start to brood over all the cool recordings she didn't get to review. A few of the exciting local CDs that didn't show up in my mail slot but deserve a year-end mention are: **Vancouver Nights**; **Clover Honey**, Go Horse Go; **Neko Case**, Furnace Room Lullaby; **Beans**, Tired Snow; **Lily Frost**, Lunarium; **Peggy Lee Band**; **New Pornographers**, Mass Romantic; **Veda Hille**, You Do Not Live...; and **Rodney Graham**, The Bed-Bug, Love Buzz and Other Short Songs in the Popular Idiom.

But going over the old columns does remind me of some of the special privileges and even joys of this job. If I didn't work here, would I have discovered the fabulously poppy and clever **Salteens**, the world-weary but pretty-sounding **Radio**, or the youthful and energetic **Vega**? (Maybe, if I went out more often.) More things that wowed me: the **Pepper Sands** singer, Buck's attitude, **Carolyn Mark's** lyrics (and showmanship), Vancouver Special's and Northern Lights' all-round high-grade compilation quality, and **Jungle's** inimitable rock goofiness. It's been a pretty good year.

LAVISH

All-Day Breakfast (Independent)

How can you not like a band that gives you its CD in a package with a menu, paper plate, and plastic knife and fork? (Remember the **Surfdusters**? They used to sell their cassettes in a little bag with a box of macaroni and cheese. Not that this is a competition, of course.) Lavish has made a few changes since their first

CD, reviewed here a little more than a year ago. The lineup is somewhat different, the songwriting is better, and the arrangements, although still in the basic voice/guitar/bass/drums configuration, are bigger somehow. There are plenty of good tracks here, and some are darned catchy, such as "Happy Sad" (also on the earlier CD), "Lolly-Pop," and the meow-adorned "Feline Love Song." "Alarm Clock" has something of a sexy/minor tone, and some **Daytona**-esque moments—which makes sense, since guitarist Mike Breen is a former Daytona bass player/colaborator (as well as, coincidentally, singer Gill's husband). Whether a Lavish song is poppy, introspective, sad (such as "Mirror Mirror" and "Go Away"), or snotty, you can depend on Gill's distinctive iron-tinged wail and those off-kilter/clever lyrics, so familiar from that first EP. <lavishmusic@hotmail.com>

Janis

NAOMI SIDER

Appearing as Herself (Soda Sonics)

Naomi has one of those thin, pure, rough-sweet voices usually associated with girls from the Deep South who were married at thirteen and now go around in bare feet playing an autoharp. At the same time, her lyrics are clearly written by someone who's read a few books, listened to a few records, and had a few worldly (maybe, even big-city) disappointments—they're often all about the gap between girlish dreams and grown-up reality. (Other times they're about Old Testament themes, or a combination of all of the

above.) The very sparse, mostly quiet, mostly acoustic arrangements are well-suited to the kind of melancholy weariness and even the keening, spiritual despair of songs like "Mercy." Dark, dark, dark, but pretty too.

<sodasonics@popstar.com>

Janis

Our first demo this month comes to us courtesy of **SAINT DYPHNA**, who I believe hail from somewhere in the state of Washington. I say believe because I don't actually know what we're losing the info sheet and such. Note to bands: put contact info on tape, not paper; demo directors are notoriously disorganized. Anyway, I recall listening to this one off the top. It was smooth, mellow, and had much instrumentation I couldn't name. I postulate that drugs would certainly have enhanced the experience; nothing uppity. Unfortunately, 15 minutes into the track my mind had wandered and no monumental progression in melody brought me back. Where lies the blame?

TENNESSEETWIN are local folk, though I lost the info on this one too (two for two). I recall something about the singer's sister being a member of **Bratmobile**. And is that **Limblifter's** Kurt Dahle on "Eg"? What does that mean? Anyway, as far I can discern, this tape licks. Music is generic country. (When did everyone become a cowboyy?) Vocals = intensely irritating (somewhat saved by good backups). <cindywool@vpl.vancouver.bc.ca>

The **SLEEPY JUNGLES** grace us with the sounds of Pitt Meadows, and I like it. Vince says the first track sounds like **Sebadiah**, which I am forced to accept until further evidence presents itself. The vocals on track two are horrifying, and as we move into track three, it becomes painfully clear why the first track was first. Vince is now saying **Halo Benders**. Sure. Somewhere in the midst of this tape I found myself nodding to an instrumental funk groove. Who are these people? This band warrants further investigation. (604.445.9686)

THE SPINOFFS. Where have I heard that

name before? Ah, yes. They were participants in CTR's illustrious Shindig! competition. I recall being monotonized by the one **Ramones**-type song they insisted on playing over and over again. The tape didn't change my opinion too much the first time through, but when I listened to it again last week, I realized just how damn catchy a lot of these tunes really are. And with titles like "Don't Stalk My Sister," it's hard not to like these guys at least a little. <thespinoffs@hotmail.com>

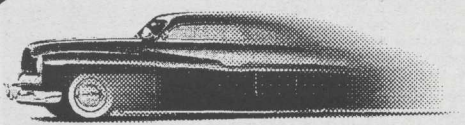
Wow. Cool. There's my finest articulation of **SEANA & SPLATTER BENDS**, a tape recorded on Main St. but otherwise devoid of contact information. The first side was madness, incorporating a **Pixies** feel, a lot of samples and just plain noise, as well as a healthy dose of utter chaos. Side two mellowed considerably, with the uniqueness factor also declining. Ben calls rip-off on track two ("We Three Kings"), whereas I thought track three was **Beatles**-licious. One more band to keep the peepers peeled for.

CURTAIN OF HABIT are another band that have not yet learned the indispensable networking powers of contact information. The first track was quite nice. Erin says music = **Cult**, vocals = **Bowie**. From here, things begin to go downhill somewhat. It may be that indie rock demands too much from me, emotionally that is. It could be that everyone who uses an acoustic guitar seems to fancy themselves a **Neil Young** these days. And while the monotone vocals suited the first track... it's weird, almost every one of these songs has something to it I really like (especially track nine's **Ween** influence, but they all invariably fall apart somewhere. A little polish, the cutting of unsightly elements, and we could have ourselves a precious stone here.

And finally, in the ongoing saga of the **Slogan** demo: it turns out that it was neither my discman nor stereo that was incompetent, but the CD itself. Be sure to tune in next month for yet another exciting installment of Local Demos!

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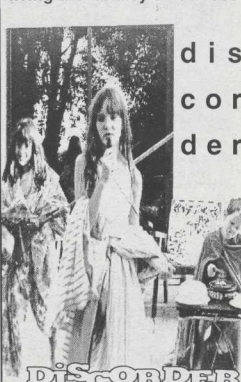
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by anthony monday • kuwaili correspondent

Conformism Vs. Alcoholism. Or, How Crockery Ruined My Life.

I've taken up drinking. Not that sissy stuff you do over there in the western world. No, I'm harder and sexier than a shit-faced slum lord on East Hastings. I've started drinking ethanol. Let me explain.

When I arrived in Kūwaili, I suddenly found myself a teacher. An art teacher. Being a teacher in itself is enough to drive anyone to extremes (think about it, you are either responsible for hundreds of snotty pimply pre-pubescent boys and girls, or 18 and 19 year-old hard-bodied sex-filled creatures that ooze pheromones... I digress), but it was not the teaching that made me go hard-core-hard. No, it was something less obvious and more insidious—a mug.

When I started being "Anthony Monday, Art Teacher Extraordinaire and Resident Homosexual," a nutty Danish lady showed me around the school, and we finally came to rest in the staff room. She went to the counter and held up a mug. "This is your mug," she said, not realizing the full impact of her words.

I had a mug.
I was a mug.
I was—yes, I shudder to say it—part of a team. I was now "the man." I was the enemy, a conformist, tie-wearing, eating lunches out of Tupperware, blind, staff-room-frequenting homosexual, and it was all there, in my reflection on the mug.

Even worse, it was one of those dark, shiny blue mugs that all the "really stylish" suburban mothers own and bring out when their friends come to visit so they can ooh and aah over them. I can hear them cluck and coo: "Ooh, isn't this lovely, look at the colour, isn't it pretty. Oh, Mabel, where did you get these?"

The same one they sell in all the dollar stores on Davis Street. The same colour mug that, a couple of years ago, a whole gaggle of designer faggots toted around, miming their fat asses as if they'd bloody invented the dildo, extolling the virtues of a dark blue, shiny, gay mug. "Nigel, what better way to show you're out of the closet and are a really flamboyant cock-sucker than owning one of these fabulous blue mugs?" "Yes, I agree, Horace, and look at the pretty colour."

I mean, just because I am a depressed homosexual teaching a subject I know nothing about in Kūwaili, it doesn't mean I want a "stylish" shiny dark blue mug that screams Faggot from across the playground. Worse, it screams Faggot That's Part of the Team to the entire country. I mean, what are the kids I teach going to think? "Have you seen that new art teacher, and a mug? What a ponce!" "Yeah," says the hard-bodied 18 year-old, "What a fag. Pity, he's really sexy, and smart, and funny, and wow, what a writer. I'd really like to..." Sorry, I digress, again.

It was at a staff party (shudder) when it really hit me. The computer scientist teacher—a 50 year-old Irish wannabe go-go dancer complete with white hair and pale lips—came up to me and

rubbed her tits over my chest, then tried to stick her tongue down my throat. The math department was drunk, propped up in a corner, and the PE department were all dancing up a storm, minus their shirts. As I stood there, with my badly brewed home-made wine (yeast still active), I realized I needed something stronger. Much stronger. I had seen other people drinking ethanol—"E" as it is affectionately called—and had sworn not

started dirty dancing to Britney Spears' "Ooops I Did It Again." I cracked. With the whole mug flying so recently depressing me, it was really only a hop skip and a jump to drinking ethanol. Oh sure, there were a couple mental leaps I made, and I can't remember them now, but it made perfect sense at the time: I own a blue mug. I must drink ethanol.

The first couple gulps I couldn't taste, they were quick and ugly, but soon the taste of alcohol, cool, evaporating alcohol, diffused itself directly into my brain and bloodstream. By the time I took my third gulp, I had developed a headache. The fourth was fine, but the fifth only led to another drink, and the room went blurry. I woke up the next morning, shaking, sweating, unable to move. Missing eight hours of my life.

"Good stuff," I thought to myself through the haze. "Good stuff." Perhaps now, with my new found friend, I can survive the culture-less void I live in, the mainstream ebb-and-flow of this top 40 river I swim in.

Lately, when there's been a lot of hot rain storms outside, turning the country into mud that looks and feels like beige shit, I stand ankle deep in it, and discreetly toast the world. "Cheers," I say, and everything seems a little easier to take. "Cheers to the loneliness, the absence of culture, the stretching desert, the loneliness, the loneliness, and the loneliness." I pretend I am a robot, rusting in the desert. It makes me feel a little better.



cute drawing of anthony w/ sheep
by scott malin

to partake. The words "blindness" and "long-term memory loss" kept swimming around my head, and when I thought about it, I had no desire to drink slightly diluted computer cleaning fluid. I thought my self-respect didn't deserve the battery. But when the History and Geography teachers

seems a little easier to take. "Cheers to the loneliness, the absence of culture, the stretching desert, the loneliness, the loneliness, and the loneliness." I pretend I am a robot, rusting in the desert. It makes me feel a little better.

louder than a bomb

by natx

Since its inception, the Canadian Alliance has tried to distance itself from the difficulties its predecessor, the Reform Party, experienced around matters of social policy. As this last election campaign demonstrated, however, the Alliance is still, and will continue to be, unable to shed the ghosts of Reform until it takes a long hard look at its policies and their implications. The problem is not necessarily with the idea of a united conservative movement itself (though to me that is a scary thing), rather it is with the people its historical and current policies attract. Manuel Putsch of the Canadian Jewish Congress said it well when he explained that groups like this are by far the most insidious since they have essentially become a part of the political mainstream: "These groups subscribe to chauvinism and xenophobia; they have an automatic dislike for foreigners. The nation which is the object of their patriotism is a rather exclusive club made up of individuals who are British, or northern European, preferably monarchist, Christian (essentially Protestant Christian), and white. Unlike the [far right] groups in the other categories, their racism is not advanced as overtly; racism is more-or-less masked, and promoted through their advocacy of issues which they put forward as of national concern. They are bigotry's fellow travelers."

The coded language and masked bigotry of

said party's policies makes them an ideal vehicle for the more radical right to gain political influence. For example, the CSIS investigation into the Heritage Front's connections with Reform resulted in the exposure of numerous members of that organization in key positions of the Reform Party's apparatus, particularly in Toronto's Beaches-Woodbine riding. Alan Overfield, former member of the Edmund Birch Society and the Western Guard who was elected to the riding executive in July 1991, testified at the Security Intelligence Review Committee hearings that Heritage Front membership was not a bone of contention for Reform. He believed that the Reform Party "played stupid" about such connections, but was aware of the background of many of its new members. He said that the Reform Party had Klan members out West: "racists" are not in the Reform Party closet." At the same hearings, Heritage Front co-founder Wolfgang Droege claimed that despite his expulsion by the leadership of the Reform Party, he "felt much of the membership in the Reform Party seemed to have very similar opinions as I did on most issues."

While many of the more high profile figures like Droege were purged, according to the information gleaned by the CSIS investigation, many more remain unexposed. Another key example is former Reform MP Jack

Ramsey, who was ousted from the party for his rape conviction. Ramsey was the former leader of (Zundel defense lawyer) Doug Christie's ultra-right Western Canada Concept Party, a party that supports a thinly veiled white-supremacist Western Canadian nation mirroring the intent and policies of the Aryan Nations groups in the US (albeit with less bombastic rhetoric). High profile and vocal supporters of WCC include Stockwell Day Sr., from whom the Canadian Alliance has recently been forced to distance itself for publicity reasons. More recently, remarks by Alliance

candidates Betty Granger and Brian Fitzpatrick make it quite clear that whether ignorant or malicious, the specter of racism still haunts the party. Until people really examine what it is about this party that continues to attract bigots and extremists, the circus will continue to entertain the rest of us for some time to come.

Check out Warren Kinsella's excellent exposé *Web of Hate* (Harper Collins 1994) for an in-depth look at far-right shenanigans in Canada.

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kill your boyfriend

comic reviews by robin

MY TOP FIVE TREASURES

Treasured, elusive, and will cause harm. Not really, but there are some comics out there that you never thought you'd find or you imagined you might get, if you became a multi-millionaire. This year, I somehow managed to discover and obtain some comics that I feel utterly fortunate to have. And yeah, I gotta gloat.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Raw

(Penguin)

Did you know that I've only been collecting comics for 5 years? I mean, I dabbled when I was a kid, but it wasn't the obsession it is now. When I first started really reading comics I started with *Heavy Metal*. Sad, I know, but my friend Robin started with *Raw*. I was so envious. *Raw* is like the holy grail of comics for me—one of the first examples of comics being perceived and treated as art. Assembled by Art Spiegelman (*Maus*) and his wife Francoise Mouly, *Raw* was, to me, the embodiment of the New York art scene of the '80s. They messed around with format, genre, and style. They poked fun at the history of comics and its standards. They blurred the line between "high art" and comics. Moreover,

JOHN PORCELLINO

Perfect Example (Highwater)

I work in a comic book store and do most of the ordering. I've ordered *Perfect Example* by John Porcellino three times already. It's never showed up. So I go to the biggest comic book convention in all of North America and it's there at the Highwater Books booth. "What the... [sputter, sputter]... how come, hey wait!" I collared Jordan Crane (Nan) who said that the official story is that Highwater has no money. I bought a copy of *Perfect Example*, and I think I'm one of only four people who own it in the entire city. That just sucks. Porcellino is a way better indie god than Dave Sim: he had his own distribution company, Spit And A Half, and he wrote and drew his own comic, *King Cat*. Comics. He isn't the most amazing artist, but he's expressive, fluid, and stylish. His stories are quiet and sincere. He draws with his heart. Plus he draws way better—cats than James Kochalka (*Magik:Boy*). *Perfect Example* is a beautiful story about that oh-so-tumultuous time between graduation and whatever the hell it is that you're going to do with the rest of your life. It's honest and bittersweet, awkward, and lonely. It's full of adventure and retrospection. It would appeal to everyone, if it ever came out to the mass public.

WILL EISNER

Dating & Hanging Out (Scholastic Inc.)

What do you think? Was Will Eisner desperate for money or what? I was pretty surprised when I found this one right next to the cash register at work. It's a pretty funny book, though. He illustrates the whole thing, and I gotta tell you, there are some pretty heh cats in this comic. I was thoroughly surprised that Eisner was hip to their jive. Now I know you need some help in the dating and hanging out department, so let me impart to you some of Eisner's wisdom. On the history of dating: "Wanna go to the pyramids tonight, Nefertiti?" "No, I don't like your freaky eyeshadow." On overcoming shy-

boy scouts." Such gems. I don't know about you, but I always thought of Will Eisner as a serious kinda guy. This book is just goofy. A definite find and must have.

CHARLES ADDAMS

My Crowd

(Simon & Schuster)

Charles Addams, otherwise known as the guy who created the Addams Family, was even fun-

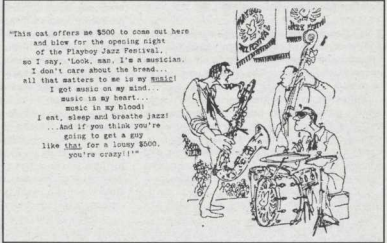
nier when he drew. Charles Addams Family stuff happening to normal people—it's way more unsettling. *My Crowd* is a collection of one-panel gags, fully inked and sometimes painted with watercolours. This is a treasure, full of people with haunted eyes. They remind me of Roald Dahl (*The Witches*)—very dark and anaemic. There's one with a wife saying to her husband as he digs a square hole in the back yard, "Wallace, isn't that already too deep for the glads?" The panels always look so normal until you notice one little thing, like the man raking leaves in his front yard—oh wait, he's raking them around his wife who's tied to a tree. Or the empty bus getting off at a cemetery. All brilliant, in a big hardcover book with some colour, it's wonderful. And if you liked the Addams Family, there is a plethora of gags with the original family of horror.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Playboy Cartoon Album 3 (Playboy)

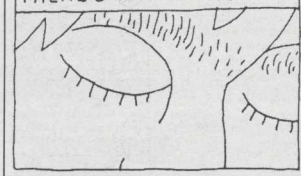
I know what you're thinking, "Playboy, tee hee, Playboy comics? Giggie, giggle." But for those in the know, *Playboy* is one-stop shopping for quality one page panel gags. Hugh Hefner, the frustrated cartoonist turned naked girl mogul, had excellent taste in cartoonists. Originally, *Playboy* catered to the liberated, cool daddio. The *Playboy Cartoon Albums* take all the great artists from the '50s, '60s, and beyond and puts them in one big book, printed in full colour on slick, glossy paper. Just cause there

Silverstein would draw his experiences bull-fighting, eating, and exploring and then send them back to be used in *Playboy*. To this day you can still find Gahan Wilson struttin' his wavy creepy lines and intense crosshatching cartoons. One of the few to come out of the '60s without the need to make a statement, Wilson just wanted to share his wonderfully dark sense of humour. My all-time favourite gag of his features a man sitting on the psy-



chiatrist couch being asked by the psychiatrist when he became aware of this "plot" to kill him. Meanwhile, the psychiatrist is motioning to these guys outside the door, and they have these goofy grins on their faces. Loch Ness monsters and gargoyles abound, as do your standard housewives and mousy men, Jules

BACK INSIDE WHERE THERE'S NOTHING ALIVE



they introduced so many great comic artists to this world: guys like New York artist Drew Friedman (*Wars and All*), the stippling fiend, known for his hyperreal reproductions of celebrities dead, familiar and forgotten; Chris Ware (*Acme Novelty Library*), this minute's media darling, did a strip straight out of university; and Charles Burns with *Handbook Defective Stories*. *Heavy Metal*'s more cultured older brother, *Raw*, introduced us to Belgian artist Joost Swarte, whose fine line style is so very reminiscent of Hergé—Tintin grows up. But *Raw* is sometimes hard to sit through. Sue Coe is a great realistic smearing artist, but reading about the ritual slaughter of pigs in her story *Porkopolis* was just ick. I'm also not sure that I like Gary Panter so much. But you know, that was the great thing about *Raw*: lots of variety. There was a ton of stuff crammed in there, and it was done with such highbrow flair. It was educational, historical, and interesting. And it still holds up. Anyway, there was a low print run on *Raw* to begin with, and they've never reprinted any of them. Then Spiegelman went and won the Pulitzer Prize for *Maus*, a story that premiered in *Raw*. Harder and harder to find, but this year I got issues 1-3 of Vol. 2. Not as good as Vol. 1, but still better than nothing.



SPECIAL BREEDS

THESE PEOPLE ARE HARD TO GET INVOLVED WITH. THEY DO THEIR THING, PERIOD. IF WHAT THEY DO IS ALSO YOUR BAG, GREAT... OTHERWISE DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME.

ness: "Talk loud and wear shades." He even has a handy guide to selecting the "type" you want, like, the creeps or the special breeds. There is also a section on using astrology to select a date. "Aries people usually have arched eyebrows." "Cancerians make good

are naked ladies just cause there are no reason to discount the talent. There were a lot of surprises on the *Playboy* payroll. You know the guy who did *Plastic Man*, Jack Cole? He was in *Playboy*. And the guy who created the pinup, Alberto Vargas? He was in *Playboy*. My all time favourite, though, and the thing that surprised me the most was that noted child poet and songwriter Shel Silverstein used to work for *Playboy*. (I actually found that out while playing *Trivial Pursuit*.) With his gangly drawings of lumpy people, he tells the history of the magazine. There's Silverstein in his wrinkled safari jacket surrounded by Hef and some other old-timers, and they're all in suits. "Remember when we started... we were all good-natured slob," says Silverstein. Or Hef would send him on a whirlwind tour of Spain and



Feiffer was another fairly prominent figure during the early *Playboy* days, waxing poetic about women's lib, the war, and living in the city. Quite clever and cerebral.

Okay so the purpose wasn't so much to gloat as it was to share. A lot of the stuff I mentioned is old, which invariably makes it hard to find. I collect old romance comics, I know, I was tempted to mention that I now have all of my Tank Girl comics in trade paperback format. A very rare thing indeed. But if you're a real fan of comics most of the fun lies in the digging around in musty comic bins or being in the right place at the right time. I don't know why I told you about all these... now you'll be looking, too.

radio free press

zines by bleed

Top 10 lists are fun to make, yet arbitrary and personal, with little authoritative substance. Ever read the year's best list in *Rolling Stone*? Too many years of psychedelics, if you ask me. It occurred to us that an overview of this year's best and most groovy zines would fall flat unless we were able to rope in a panel of seasoned experts to sort through the mountains of scientifically prepared and maintained documents. A few local experts surfaced, showed their zine Ph.D.s, and things were off to a fine beginning. Beyond the local scene, we also have a panel of surprisingly intelligent Americans biding in (as usual). First off I'd like to mention a few of my own most memorable zine reads of the year.

1. *Speck* - You can't love others 'til you love yourself.
2. *Chickfart* - Best group of Jet Setting poppers this side of *Speck*.

3. *Dream Whip* - could be the best writing in zine-dom, and Bill Brown was a great guest on the radio show as well.
4. *I'm Johnny and I Don't Give a Fuck* - Looks more like a book this year, but still comes in at the top of the year's greatest on many folk's list.
5. *Pop Boffin* - Reading is fun again, and triviality is king.
6. *Turf* - Great ideas and terrific humor throughout.

7. *Queen of the Universe* - Nettie was right when she thought "I can do this, and even better".

8. *Motocryco* - The good Reverend keeps the throttle down.

I let the Contributors decide whether or not they wanted to elaborate on the lists they sent. As you can see, some people took on more than the allotted number but, let's face it, handling rules to zinesters is like herding cats.

Radio Free Press co-host

1. *Pop Boffin*. Okay, okay, so I write a bunch of stuff for it and my "better half" edits it, but so what? We wouldn't keep doing it if we didn't think we were producing something worthwhile. Also, there's not enough STUFF out there generally for those of us who like things to be simultaneously intelligent AND colourful.
2. *Turf*. Yep, there are two zines in the same city sharing an aesthetic. What are the

chances of that happening? We mentioned this one a couple of times recently, so y'all should know all about it by now. Still, if for some crazy reason you HAVEN'T been reading this column up 'til now, let's just say that for those of us who enjoy enlightened materialism and the avoidance of mind-deadening word, *Turf* is an essential read.
3. *Queen of the Universe*. Yet ANOTHER local zine going for the cute-but-clever girl market. Hey, I could almost pretend there was a SCENE going on here or something. Anyway, like I said, there's a brand spanking new issue of Queen Nettie's much discussed zine, and it may just be her best yet. Dude, these girls are really giving those nerdy

cal speculation. He's a drifter, a dreamer, a film-maker, and an indie rocker. And, like all the fine folks behind all the fine publications mentioned above, he's a genuine talent who deserves your support. This Christmas, give the gift of zines.

David Hatton of Corvid Revue

1. *Spunk*. Violet does a time-capsule. A silkscreened beauty. (PO Box 55336, Hayward, CA 94545)
2. *Not My Small Diary*. Superb alternative cartoon collectible. (1204 Cresthill Rd., Birmingham, AL 35213)
3. *The Glovebox Chronicles*. Automotive perzine fun. <leekinginc@hotmail.com>
4. *Chunk* 666. Chop-happy



zine boys like Ryan "Single Guy" Biggie a run for their money. Having said that...

4. *127 Days to Live*. Biggie's satirical zine is one of the funniest things being published today in any medium—no kidding. It's clever, it's cynical, and it shares a lot of common ground with that stalwart of the Vancouver comics scene...
5. *Stay As You Are*. Brad Tung—Who, as I'm sure you know, is responsible for this one—gets far too much publicity for his own good as it is. I say, let's stop giving this mean fellow the breath of publicity and... Doh! I did it again! Ah well, at least it gives us an excuse to mention Brad's multi-talented Texan friend Bill Brown who has been kind enough to give the world...

6. *Dream Whip*. A beautiful bundle of personal prose, dreamy tangents, and whimsi-

bicycle punks prepare you for carmadegdon.

<megulons@pobox.com>
5. *Stay As You Are*. Cancon requires broadcasters to provide minimum Canadian content. C'est de rigueur. <bradyung@intergate.ca>

Local zinester Judith Beaman

1. *No Depression*. I'm a rootin' tootin' cowgirl. Nah, not really, but No Depression covers the music that really sparks my rocket these days.
2. *October*. \$15 US for four stupendously thick issues. Each issue is totally different with a theme! Very (and I mean very very) in-depth articles sometimes make it a somewhat frustrating read, but that's part of the fun.
3. *Magnet*. \$20 US gets you a free CD (with about eight

choices), six issues of the mag and another free CD collection with each issue (well, okay, sometimes the music sucks, but it's fun to hear new sounds).

4. *Not My Small Diary*. Delaine Derry is such a sweetie! She alternates issues of her personal zine *My Small Diary* with copies of *Not My Small Diary* in which friends and strangers send in comix documenting what they've been up to. I especially like that she'll publish submissions from people who are not polished artists. Super cheap at two bucks a pop.

5. *Queen of the Universe*. Sweet, cool, hip (in a great non-hip way). A gotta get every time. The new issue just came out.
6. *Family Succos*. You just can't go wrong with anything husband and wife team Robin Bougie and Rebecca Dart publish, and Robin's latest zine—*Family Circus* comics with new, extremely, er, colourful dialogue—is no exception. Two issues thus far and both super fun in an XXX way. *bullshit*

7. *Colin Upton*. Colin, we miss you! Hope to see a new comic soon. Give this man a publisher.

8. *Superstar*. James Lloyd has his psyche signed by Matt Groening these days, but luckily for us, still has time to produce the occasional digest size comic. His latest, titled *Superstar*, is a fictional tale about Jim Morrison living on a secluded desert island. Great "lines" as they say and a very creative story line.

Stay As You Are's Brad Yung

1. *Dream Whip*. It's the only zine I read anymore. That is all.

Eric Mast of Thumb

1. *Grooves*
2. *The Manipulators*
3. *Clarence Banana*
4. *Ain't Nothin' Like Fuckin' Moonshine*
5. *BMQ*

Mataador A&R man Ben Goldberg

1. *Chunklet*
2. *Arcane Candy*
3. *Splendid* (e-zine)
4. *Games With A Smile*
5. *Sound Collector*

Jeremy Holt of The HuskyBoy

1. *Wide-Eyed*
2. *The HuskyBoy*. Only cuz I been spendin' lots o' time with him.
3. *Fuck Everything*. The greatest rock zine ever.
4. *Thrift Score*
5. *Whatever* you do.

Wide-Eyed publisher Chris

1. *The HuskyBoy*
2. *Thrash*
3. *Spider Stompin'*
4. *Kickstand*
5. *Adds Up!*

Dave Fisher of Filler!

1. *Loud Paper*
2. *Mank Mink Pink Punk*
3. *Pop Watch*
4. *Lola*
5. *What's Up Chuck?*

Le Grand Magistry e-group poster Cocoa Beware

1. *Psychotic #1 Fan*
2. *Desperate Times*
3. *AMP*
4. *Broken Pencil*
5. *Speck*

Rebecca Dart and Robin Bougie

Rebecca:
1. *Deviant*
2. *Cinema Sewer*
3. *Ron Turner's various publications*
4. *Underbelly*
5. *I'm Johnny and I Don't Give a Fuck*
Robin:
1. *I'm Johnny and I Don't Give a Fuck*
2. *Deviant*
3. *Cannibal Culture*
4. *Cinema Sewer*
5. *Stay As You Are*

Sabrina Margarita of Bamboo Girl

1. *Oriental Whatever*
2. *Doris*
3. *Crapchoud*
4. *Red Hanky Panky*
5. *Plotz*

Paul Lukas of Beer Frame

1. *Lawn Art #1*
2. *Now You're Cooking with Food!*
#1
3. *Infiltration*, all issues
4. *Last Plane to Jakarta #5*
5. *Fortress Rocks: A Journal of the Antarctic #1*

Bob Bert of BB Gun

1. *Index*
2. *Rock + Roll Girl*
3. *Giant Robot*
4. *Bust*
5. *Chop Date*

Mike D of Patty Duke

1. *Muffy Magazine*
2. *Paraphobia*
3. *Plume*
4. *Ongaku Otaku*
5. *American Cheerleaderpeople*

Some nut from Caustic Truths and Noisy Music

1. *Maximumumknoll*
2. *Filpside*
3. *Skyscraper*
4. *Caustic Truths*
5. *Caustic Truths*

There it is. A good start anyway and a great indication of what we have to look forward to in the next millennium. Feel left out? Get involved! Contact Radio Free Press and state your own preferences. Appear on the show. Send in your zines or just start one today!

Listen to Radio Free Press on CITR 101.9 FM, Wednesdays from 2-3 PM.

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FOOD
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on stage...

15. *Buttless chaps*
16. *Radiofartam*

17. *George McFetridge*
18. *Bruce Nielsen*

19. *Unrefined*
20. *Spoken Word*

21. *Skype Brooks*
22. *Jazz night*

23. *Secret three*
24. *The golden*

25. *wedding*

26. *noosphere*
27. *ambient +*

28. *visuals*

29. *-closed*
30. *say hi to mom*

31. *for us.*

32. *skype Brooks*
33. *Jazz night*

34. *King Jupiter*
35. *Jazz*

36. *noosphere*

37. *new years*
38. *2001*

39. *the beans*
40. *doors Bom*

41. *catered*
42. *\$20.00*

43. *tickets @zulu*
44. *+ scratch +*

45. *here*

46. *January*

47. *emerald city*

48. *Flaphouse Jr.*
49. *Jonathan inc.*

50. *Precious*
51. *Fathers*

52. *the (sugar) refinery*
53. *dishes out sweet*

54. *vegetarian food*
55. *7 days. 2nd*

56. *best veggie burger*
57. *in town*

58. *- guaranteed*
59. *7 D's ORDER*

It's end of term and my body doesn't work. Thanks to tendonitis, I don't have the get-go to tell you all about the many lovely 7"s turning up around the station these days. I will be good enough to advise you to go and get the awesome *Mint Christmas* compilation.

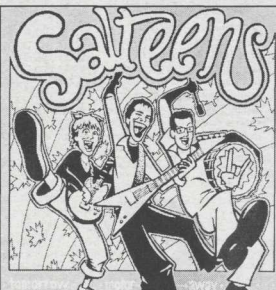
Due to Julie C. throwin' her arms in the air like she just don't care one too many times, she's asked me to put my two cents worth into this month's batch of 7" wonders, until she's ready to break it down next time around.

So first on deck is **ZIKZAK**, who, after listening to, I've decided is wick-wack, due largely to the fact that they're trying too hard to sound like late '80s Brit-pop. (Bitter. #639-1104)

I've never really been too keen on anything that resembles "artsy" pop, and these two Winnipeg Bands, **THE PAPERBACKS** and **PROJEKTOR**, fall into that trap because I'm havin' to use my decoder ring to decipher their "artsy" lyrics. For example: "Let's go to the house 'cause I don't have a brother." What? (PO Box 14 RPO Corydon, Winnipeg, MN R3M 3S3).

Vancouver's **SALTEENS** offer up two short and sweet gems of which one is a **Guided By Voices** song ("Motor Away"). This accompanies the bold statement made on the b-side: "Why do other bands bother?" I think the better question is "Why do you?" (Drive-In, PO Box 888212, Grand Rapids, MI 49582).

76586) **OKAY, I'M** starting to cross over into a little more familiar territory now. **THE ANNIVERSARY** from Lawrence; K5 threw me a bit with their tune which mixes the **Beach Boys** with **Weezer**, but their compatriots, **HOT ROD CIRCUIT** from Boston, won me over instantly cuz they sound like



ZEN GUERRILLA finally slap down a live favourite on their latest (**The Who's** "The Seeker"), and a soulful testifier on the flip side, while **ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN** show they've still got plenty of fight left in them with a double dose of R-A-V-V-K. Nail these down. (Sub Pop, PO Box 20645 Seattle, WA 98102)

Finally, in the festive season, we have Christmas carols from the men in **BLACK (HALOS)**, with a warm and fuzzy number entitled "Homeless for Christmas" and their female friends **TUULI** making damn sure "You Better Know By Now What I Want for Christmas." (Sympathy for the Record Industry, #303-4450 California Place, Long Beach, CA 90807) While we're on the subject, I could use a few things...

Bryce

cartoon
by yukie
kawabe

Let's
go Back
home,
Lisa...

Cafe•tes

strut&fret bypenelopemulligan

RADIX THEATRE
box? a thought experiment set in the classic
confines of your local diner
The Templeton Restaurant

Of course everyone in the audience knew there was going to be something going down besides dinner, but I kept wishing that this wasn't the case. Maybe this is where the thought experiment part comes in. Imagine genuinely innocent restaurant patrons having their nosetime surroundings invaded and altered by staff who begin behaving oddly, acting out thoughts and feelings about their jobs and commenting on their own and each others' inner lives. Not quite as weird as your grilled cheese sandwich asking you if everything tastes okay, but it's getting close.

Box? has the most conventional performer/audience setup of anything I've seen the company do. We didn't ramble with the actors through an outdoor site, pass them on a busy street corner or get absorbed into the media environment at one of their parties. We sat and watched a kind of surrealistic dinner theatre populated by a lonelyhearts waitress (played by Kendra Fancion), a deep-thinking insomniac cook (Andrew Laurensen) and a jumpy, ranting busboy (Paul Terres).

In a way, the production strains against this setup as much as its characters do against the "box of mundane reality" that their jobs represent. The brilliance of RADIX is that it takes hold of the world and slants it—suspension of disbelief usually just isn't an issue. Perhaps this is why it was so exciting every time the production would leak into the outside world, as when the busboy left the diner to go on his break or the waitress had a little moment of grace freak-out on Granville Street. It was like a

pressure valve being released.

RADIX can dance through some pretty stimulating intellectual territory without getting ponderous. From quantum theory in a Skinner Box to psychosocial analysis, it remained stunningly theatrical and dark-humoured. In my absolute favourite vignette, images were projected onto a sheet held against the serving hatch wall while the cook and busboy began a liturgical chant about Doris the waitress and her infatuation with the body parts of city dwellers glimpsed through bus and apartment windows. The incantation did a wonderful vocal collapse as they got to the part about her inability to relate to a whole person.

Like a garment turned inside-out, site-specific theatre often wears its stage management on its sleeve. Performers switch lights on and off, open and close blinds, cue audio and video tapes and huck props around—once the secrecy of the effects has been so unceremoniously dumped, there's a curious rush to be had from watching these manipulations become part of the action.

The show was a second incarnation of BOX (should we now call it 'box?') which ran at the 1999 Fringe. That one was described to me by a friend as "weirder and more abstract," which means I probably would have liked it even more. At the time, I was away visiting my sisters in the wilds of Northern Alberta. Now if only RADIX could tour this stuff to some of the diner up there.

KOHZENSHA BUTOH COMPANY

Bone of Earth II

Friday, November 10

Performance Works

About six years ago, Japan did a gig at the Symphony of Fire. There was no showing off, no grand choreography in their pyrotechnics, no sky-filling, crowd-

pleasing big ones—except for those that went off while we were looking in the opposite direction at some small hypnotic figure. The most dramatic segment was a monochrome re-creation of the Blitz which went on for ages until it felt nastily real. It didn't end with the usual crescendo. In fact, it didn't really end so much as just go away. Unsurprisingly, Japan's not been back to the crackle-and-bang fest since. It was one of the most wonderful things I've ever seen, and I felt like I was going to explode when it was over.

Though not quite the supernova in my Constellation of Meaningful Things, Bone of Earth II had the same flavour. Western notions of theatre and spectacle were gently turned around or ignored completely. Narrative thread and dramatic arc were him, beautiful blanks left for us to fill or be filled by. Of course, blanks are only as good as what defines them and Kohzensha was the flesh and bone dancing around some sad and lovely spaces.

The company consists of a man and a woman—Yukio Waguri and Asuka Shimada—who didn't strive for gender neutrality in the same way as say, Kokoro. Instead they go for more of a gender inclusiveness. The piece has clearly marked sections, each one of which could stand on its own. I know the programme note mentioned a progression from wilderness to death, but it still felt like they were tossing us the beads and we could make whatever kind of necklace we wanted.

After Waguri had done his wild beat dance, scattering Butoh powder like a flour sifter on legs, on came Shimada as a masked geisha, her gestures meek, precise and exquisite. My stomach did a flip when I noticed that her legs were on backwards. Although she was facing us, so were her heels. Realizing that she was doing this whole thing with the mask on the back of her head gave it some loaded layers, both technically and subtextually.

Waguri returned in a red gown and touchingly absurd hair bow to begin what at first seemed to be a drag-style parody. Shimada joined him in a matching yellow ensemble, and gradually we were watching two women dancing. There was a delicacy in Waguri's overtly female gestures and facial expres-

sions that winked sadly at the thumping, dreadlocked wildman of the opening.

Some of the theatrical imagery was fabulous. The two clacked enrage, framed by collapsible poles which they used as walkers. It was like watching Bunraku puppets trying to manipulate themselves and constantly falling down. When they ran around in massive paces, they looked like floating heads on a sea of brightly coloured fabric.

As the lighting and costumes changed to a death-speckled alabaster, it appeared that Waguri was going to wrap himself up in his own shroud, but instead he became a child, then a swaddled infant. I remembered a quote in the programme from one of Butoh's founders: "Butoh is a corpse standing straight up in a desperate bid for life." Standing over him as the stage went to black, Shimada seemed to be patiently waiting for him to do just that.

When the mood strikes, I'll finish off with a subsection called **THE PLUG HOLE**, where I'll chatter about some upcoming performance event.

In the course of last month's out-hanging, I happened to meet someone involved with *Burn Gloom*, a production documenting the experiences of 14 diverse artists who spent the big Y2K rollover in various parts of the world. Their stories, from such far flung places as Tasmania, Montreal, Canton, New York, Santiago, and London, to name a few, were distilled and worked into a piece of theatre by local actor and playwright Elaine Avila.

The idea appealed to me, since I'd spent the last months of 1999 tortured by how such an arbitrary point in time could be so pregnant with meaning if I chose to see it that way—which I did. Needing some kind of ritual and knowing that Vancouver didn't make the cut as a location, I fled to San Francisco (the nearest city with an impressive resumé and a friend to stay with) and hit the streets.

Avila's piece is about our need for ritual and ability to turn chaos into our very own art. Directed by Katherine Weiss and featuring four performers plus the Talking Pictures Music Ensemble, *Burn Gloom* will run from January 10-14, 2001 at an as yet undisclosed venue. For more information, call 604.682.5920.

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Record you would save in a fire:

Any old/rare vinyl that I could sell to an indie music completist for an over-exaggerated price to rebuild my stash. Just ask me after it happens.

Record that should burn in hell:

Anything classified as easy listening.

Worst band you like:

What is bad music? I like lots of music considered unlistenable, and I am not ashamed of any music I enjoy.

Last record you bought:

Rusty Warren, Songs for Sinners.

First record you bought:

Cyndi Lauper, She's So Unusual.

Musician you'd most like to marry:

I'm not into the institution of marriage. However, eccentricity, honesty, and good dance moves will get me interested.

Favourite show on CiTR:

Narduar the Human Serviette Presents!

Strangest phone call received while on air:

Well, I have received the requisite prank calls from our diverse and sleazy audience. The calls that really puzzle me are the requests for 2Pac or Led Zeppelin. It's like, dude, are you even listening? Usually they are. *



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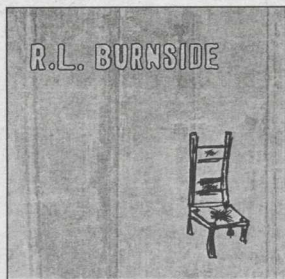
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Leslie Feist & Daddy Szigeti

DISORDER: Names, birth signs, shoe size, favourite tour snacks.

Leslie Feist: Aquarius, 6 1/2, carrots and oranges.

Nathan Lawr: Sagittarius, 9, licorice all-sorts.

Daddy: Aquarius, 9 1/2, corn nuts.

The World Provider: Pisces, 14, sausage.

Give a brief musical background for each of yourselves.

Leslie: Been at this for a while. AC/DC cover band drummer, Kiwanis soloist, opera super-

nomial, moonlight as Bitch Lap Lap with Peaches, stadium rocked for a few months, etc.

Nathan: Ex-King Cobb Steelie, currently Jim Guthrie Quintet, Royal City.

Daddy: Dark shades, pink clouds, oranges. Let that be a nice background.

WP: Permanent Stains, Seventy Whore, Peaches crew, solo things.

How did y'all hook up?

We're all boyfriends of girlfriend's roomates' collaborators' friends.

Tell us about your tour. When did you

leave? What's the best thing that's happened so far? Worst thing? Strangest thing?

Leslie: We left Toronto on September 3rd and came back on the 30th. Best thing is in-van rap-

port, shows, and meeting awesome screwed-up people.

Daddy: Highlights: Matt Allen and crew (Lethbridge), Clover Honey (Edmonton), Bartok Guitarsplat (Calgary), and C.I.T.R. radio session.

WP: Strangest thing: US college was on a "dry

campus," i.e., not a drop of booze anywhere. Is that not inhumane?

Name the best and worst things about Toronto.

Daddy: Family.

WP: The Hustle.

Leslie: tell us about Placebo.

Leslie: A time capsule that all my current buddies get a kick out of.

Daddy: Fuck Placebo already!

Do you have day jobs? If so, what are they, and how do you feel about working?

Leslie: I'm still studying under the hailed Apostle of Hustle to learn how to pull liveli-

hood out of a hat. I know how to do lots of stuff that I can fall back on.

Daddy: String arranging, producing records, making hits.

WP: This is currently my day job.

Nathan: House painter for rich Jewish women.

How do you like Vancouver?

Leslie: You people are very lucky. That's all I have to say.

Daddy: Finally upon my ninth visit here, I've

finally warmed up—an amazing place.

Nathan: Vancouver has been good to me indeed!

Ask yourselves three questions and answer them.

Daddy: Q: What's the best new music out? A: Peaches s/t, Gonzales Uber Alles, Moby s/t.

Nathan: Q: What is my name? A: Nathan. Q: When is my birthday? A: I forget. Q: Why? A: Dunno that either.

Contact info:

Daddy: daddyszigeti@hotmail.com

WP: smfilms@interlog.com

Leslie: surnamefeist@usa.net

Nathan: I don't own a computer.

www.listentoifeist.com



By Amy Brannen

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PANTY BOY

KICKIN' OUT THE JAMS

by Melanie Covey
photo by Ben Lai

Who can forget October 17, 2000? It marked the first time ever in the legacy of CTR's annual Shindig! event that we were spared the infamous jokes for Beers. Enter Panty Boy, a band added some what last minute to the evening's lineup, and there was no time for such frivolity. The young fresh fellows of Panty Boy had some frivolity of their own to sell—the kind of off-the-wall humour that is the stuff of cult followings. Even *They Might Be Giants* had to start somewhere, and this duo is no exception. They took their first round of Shindig! (and the coveted pair of drumsticks) and returned for a second round several weeks later. They lost that round to fellow Victoria band Nicely Nicely, but undeniably Panty Boy has made their mark on music history here in Vancouver. Their independent release *Orgy of the Senses* has already seen some good action on the CTR homeboys chart. With youth and good vibes on their side, the sky is the limit. Lucky Gomez kindly shares the love.

DISORDER: Tell me your names and ages.

Panty Boy: We are Lucky Gomez (cowboy hat) and Mr. Ruprett (sombrero). We are both 21.

What are your influences, musical backgrounds, and favourite snack foods?

I would say that Os Mutantes, The Velvet Underground, Love, and maybe The Cure or The Smiths have had big influences on Panty Boy... Oh, and The Four Tops, and that one Zombies song "Time of the Season." I think Mr. Ruprett really likes Stevie Wonder. Ruprett's going to be the next male soul diva. Snack foods are great! Cold cereal is great! Baked goods (cookies, muffins) are great! I'm not sure what Mr. Ruprett likes, but I did see him eat something like 30 "buffalo wings" on the ferry ride home. I was super powers, Mr. Ruprett would be indestructible, and I would be Asastatic.

When did you start playing together, and does Panty Boy ever include any guest musicians other than the two core members?

Although Mr. Ruprett has long been an acquaintance of mine, we've only recently begun to partake of the sweet fruit that is rock 'n' roll together. Panty Boy became a real band sometime in September, after I finished recording the album. There was a brief flirtation with bass and drums, but it would seem that our destiny is to remain a duo. We're a bit like blood brothers who didn't realize the truth until it was too late, and now there's nothing we can do, and it's just out of control. The planets aligned and the price was right. It was a match made in heaven, in terms of special guests... I think we'd both like to work with a string section and maybe a choir of small children. Or a professional wrestler. Andre the Giant has been an enormous influence on Mr. Ruprett.

Do you ever argue about which hat each of you wear to wear? Hats are a very important part of both of us. I don't know if we could play properly if we switched hats. Well, Ruprett probably could, but I don't know about me. He actually has a cowboy hat as well. We don't argue though; there's no hat envy or anything.

Does Mr. Ruprett have a problem with anger management? I refer to Round One of Shindig!, and the violent drumstick stabbing that appeared to be taking place after you were 12 june 2000

announced as the winners.

As I said before, Andre the Giant has had a huge impact on Mr. Ruprett. What you actually witnessed Tuesday night was a "Skull Crusher"—which is technically an illegal move. He's really a very nice guy. We probably just had too many Shirley Temples.

When did you discover the Omnichord? Describe the experience.

It was actually my father who discovered the infamous Omnichord. He bought it, I assume, when it was right on the cutting edge of electric auto-harp technology. It kind of fell into my hands about a year ago, and I could just feel the love inside it. It was definitely a love thing. My dad used to take it on tour and play songs like "Guananamera" and "Margaritaville." I don't know what he was thinking.

One of the best songs on *Orgy of the Senses* is "Neil Diamond." Describe your relationship with Neil Diamond.

I honestly don't know if I even have a relationship with Neil Diamond himself or with Bobby Bruce, the world's foremost Neil Diamond impersonator. I just saw an ad for this "Nearly Neil" tribute show and it was...compelling. I don't know if I like him, but there's something about his work that can't be denied. I keep meaning to watch *The Jazz Singer* in the hopes that it will shed some light on the mystery. "Solitary Man" is my favorite Neil Diamond song. "I Am, I Said" is a close second.

What compelled you to enter Shindig!? Was this your first Vancouver show?

I didn't know about Shindig! at first. I sent a cassette to Nardwuar the Human Serviette, who in turn gave it to the station, and then the Demo Director called me. I was unsure about performing since I didn't have a band, but the offer was too enticing to refuse. This was our first time in Vancouver...probably the most fun I've ever had performing.

How would you describe the music scene in Victoria right now?

I tend not to go out too much. Eep Or Orp rocks hard for love, and the AMP thing is great. There's a bit of a venue shortage in Victoria. Also a lot of bands are getting in on this Music and Visuals idea. It sounds like a great melding of genres, but it seems more like two separate things just kind of...going. I probably just don't get it. It looks good, but I'd like to see someone playing big screen Atari behind the band, or World Championship Wrestling or something. There could be more interaction, you could have simultaneous horn shots and skull crushers.

Have you thought of using "People In Your Neighbourhood" as a springboard for creating an updated production of TV's Mr. Rogers? Did you watch Mr. Rogers as children?

As of yet there are no plans to resurrect Mr. Rogers and his Magical Land of Make Believe. I was definitely more into Mr. Dress-Up. Mr. Rogers just confused me

with his two pairs of shoes, one for inside and one for out. Perhaps we could use "People in your Neighbourhood" as a theme for a "Mr. Ruprett" TV show. Ruprett is surprisingly telegenic.

In the second round of Shindig!, you had some new songs for us. Can you explain the inspiration for "My Special Day" and "Wrestling"?

Surprisingly, "Special Day" was written on [my girlfriend] Sarah's special day. There was a festive atmosphere and presents, and we were having all sorts of fun, and it just seemed like such a nice thing to write a song about. It's really meant for any special occasion: weddings, prom nights, birthdays. When you just want to say to somebody, "Hey, you're special! Today is your special day!" "Wrestling" is still somewhat shrouded in mystery. I'm not really a fan of modern day pro wrestling, but the classic Hulk Hogan/Andre the Giant era really had something going for it. We watched *WrestleMania* II as sort of a research project; it was intense. Andre the Giant winning the Battle Royale. The Hulkster defeating King Kong Bundy in the steel cage, and the poignant romance between Macho Man Randy Savage and his Special Lady. Though you wouldn't expect it, the commentators rarely say what the actual moves are called. There's just a lot of "A slam! And another SLAM! Off the top ropes!!!" World Championship Wrestling for the original Nintendo Entertainment System was a great game. It had all the moves... Boston Crab, Figure 4 Leg Lock...it had them all.

We did see a more romantic side of Ruprett in that second round as well. He even played the Omnichord instead of you for the song "Dixie"—how does he approach playing the Omnichord as compared with you? Ruprett is quite a romantic, I must admit. All that stuff about lollipops and soda shops is for real, straight from the heart. He's become quite proficient on the Omnichord as well, despite that the instrument is a bit of a cruel mistress. Like I said before, the Omnichord feeds off your life force—what you put in you get out. I think Ruprett put a lot of love into that song, and the Omnichord really reflected that. He can play and sing at the same time, too, which is nice.

How did you feel about the second show, compared with the first round of Shindig!?

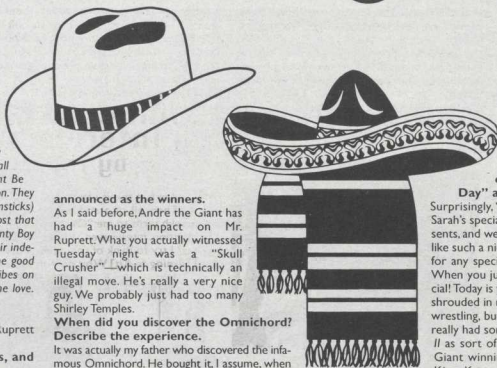
Overall, I think that show was probably better than the first, though I was not too surprised when we didn't win. We had a few technical difficulties this time around, still figuring out this live performance stuff. Ruprett is undoubtedly coming into his own as a singer, and we're both more comfortable talkin' trash on the microphone.

What were your thoughts on Nicely Nicely (the winner) and Dorothy? Do you know the Nicely Nicely guys from Victoria?

Both bands were pretty swell. Hard rockin', tough lovin', good bands. Ruprett and I both have some sort of acquaintance with the Nicely Nicely guys. If we saw them on the street we would stop and say "hi," that sort of thing.

What are your plans for the future?

As Corey Hart once said, "The future's so bright, I gotta wear shades." [Actually, that was Timbuk 3. Corey said "I wear my sunglasses at night"—Ed.] Whether or not this prophecy applies to Panty Boy remains to be seen. Perhaps some more recording in the near future and probably some shows in Victoria... Maybe one day it will be Panty Boy's special day. We will follow the signs...*



Minimalists are serious people. You can tell. They wear lots of black, have names like "Sutekh" (derived from an Egyptian God) and like to place themselves in the arsy pantheon alongside black-wearing outers like John Cage and Steve Reich. They are the purveyors of the fine modernist tradition of High Art, or they're post-modernists, or post-something. As the following very serious interview shows, we have obviously reached the pinnacle of intellectual music with a group of innovators from San Francisco. With a bit of luck and promises of black-berry give-aways, I assembled Sutekh, Joshua Kit Clayton, Safety Scissors, and Chris Sattinger. This group of crunchy, industrial, and hard-edged minimal dub-techno artists cream their talents when anything remotely connected to Cologne is mentioned (Germany, not the offensive).

(Music plays...) Sutekh starts scratching records in the background. Fashion-conscious

Chris Sattinger: Ask his agent.

Kit: Yeah, ask my agent, Chris Sattinger.

Sutekh: Chris Sattinger, how does Thai food relate to urban dub in the 21st century!

(The following answer may shock and surprise you. It was, perhaps, the lowpoint of otherwise a brilliant discussion.)

Kit: Dub is about cross-referencing cultures. It's about an exchange.

[Lengthy pause, then, nervous laughter. Cato, then Sutekh laugh can be heard.]

Kit: If you've never heard a Quebecois laugh, well, then you must not be cultured.]

Sutekh: Oooohhh Kkkkaaaaaayyyy, Moving on...

Kit: [Looking at Chris] Yeah, you can answer all my questions.

Sutekh: What did you eat for lunch yesterday, Kit Clayton?

Kit: I had uhh...

it's kind of like the way the Chinese food enters your stomach? And gets digested?

Kit: Sometimes you want to apply the dub effects yourself. You don't want to eat food that's already too dubbed-out, DUDE! You don't want your gastrointestinal tract to dub it all out over your bathroom floor.

Sutekh: So the dub happens from within, is what you're saying.

[This is one horrible, horrible joke. In fact, all of this, but more on that later.]

Chris: One of you thinks I'm more serious there than you need to be. [Arty laughter]

Kit: Dub is a very serious matter. But this is a failed conversation. All of this needs to be erased.

(At this point, a true mark of brilliance hits me. "I think I'll sell this to Vice." I say. After all, who else would take such a lame interview with no real content and an absent, shitty interviewer?)

Art This Needs to Be Erased Dirty Quebecois vs. Wanker SF Minimalists (Kit Clayton and Sutekh Steal My Interview)

by Tobias v

Safety Scissors adjusts his Hair. He never says anything the whole time so I don't expect much. Others assemble on the couch. Kit Clayton wants a Hello Kitty candy.

Cato [Interviewer's girlfriend:] What flavour do you want? Do you want grape?



Kit Clayton: What flavour is that? Is it bubble-gum flavour?

Sutekh: The flavour will run out on ya.

Kit: Hyayayahhauuuahahaha [weird gargling restaurant sound as he puts Hello Kitty gum in his face-hole].

Sutekh: If you suck on it, it's better.

Kit: Isn't it always better when you suck on it? **Sutekh:** Especially with Chinese food.

Kit: Well I don't fucking have to use chopsticks with your little piece of rice.

[Serious, arty laughter and applause.]

[Sutekh looks at me and gestures at the ultralanky superstar Kit. "Ask him about the Indians," he says. Joshua Kit Clayton's ears immediately perk up. A long, drawn-out sound escapes from his lips like a gasping, choking frog just trampled over by a thousand Catholic schoolgirls. The frog's dead, but he just saw one helluva an upskirt panty-shot on the way out. "Nooo [gurgles]" says Kit.]

DISORDER: Tell me about the Indians.

Kit: Are we recording? I won't talk about the Indians, Indians do not exist.

(I later discover this is a reference to some fictitious press release that said Kit recorded "some American Indians" with his laptop for some spiritual reason—I have to print this to save my life. He turns to me, with a lopsided grin and a hint of desperation in his eyes: "All of this has to be deleted. This is offensive...") he says. I smile and nod. Smile and nod. Smile and nod.)

Sutekh: People need to know the truth about you, Josh.

They want to know the real you.

Kit: Okay, Erase this.

(Now, Sutekh takes over the interview. A real artist in charge. He begins by talking about the First Thing One Should Always Ask: Food and Your Bowels.)

Kit: It's Thai food.

Sutekh: How does Thai food relate to urban dub in the 21st century?

(Our trusty DISORDER-interviewer, thinking himself worthy of inane comment in the face of sheer brilliance and obvious genius, pops the questions that keeps him the powerful journalist he is: "Did you have Sum Tum?")

Chris: Rubs-dub. (I don't know why he said this)

Kit: All of this has to be erased!

Sum Tum Lau.

Kit: No, we had Tom Yung Gooon. And we had... uuhhh... Green Curry... and we had like, Lard Pork.

ALL: LARD PORK!!!

Kit: But what did I have for lunch yesterday?

That's an interesting question. I think I had sausage.

Sutekh: When was the last time you ate Chinese food?

Kit: A long time ago. I don't really like Chinese food.

Sutekh: What is it about Chinese food that you don't like?

Kit: It's too sweet. There's a lot of sugar, and...

Sutekh: You don't like things that are sweet?

Chris: Sweet? How could it be too sweet?!!

Kit: I don't know. No, I like... it's like a weird, mucky like...

Chris: Mushiness of it?

(At this point, an evident artistic and hallowed discourse on Food is taking place. Yet where was the Control of this interview? Who was in Control after all? And who was asking the questions? Is this Thai San Francisco? What the hell am I doing in San Francisco?)

Sutekh: Don't you think mucky food is kind of like, dub? Like the echo-box in one wank piece of gear, the way it reverberates inside your soul,

[And in fact this is utterly true: Vice didn't take it. Then, all of a sudden, I am on the spot. Sutekh turns to me: "Ok, it's your turn to ask a question, interviewer." I freeze. What should I say? I try to think of something witty.]

[Turning to Kit] Why do you look so much



like Source Direct:

(Kit turns to me with one lanky eye cocked: "Who's Source Direct?" I feel lame. I reply that he's a jungle producer from the UK. This leads us into the obscure, brilliant dissertation of this interview: Clean Canadians and the Dirty Quebecois. But before that, Sutekh interjects.

"You just think all Americans look alike," he says. Finally, a chance to vindicate myself! Source Direct is British, I say. But not for long. "Well, Canadians think that British people and American people all look the same." Smack. Kit asks once again: "Is this going to be broadcast in audio format?" "Probably," I say. "All of this has to be erased," he says. I almost agree at this point. He has repeated this several times. But we haven't even got to the Dirty Quebecois yet. Kit now takes Control, and I lay down again.

Kit: Now really, what do you think of San Francisco?

It's dirty.

Kit: It's not dirty! San Francisco is dirty?!!

It's dirty compared to Vancouver.

Kit: Where do you guys come from, Vancouveroooooover or something? [Sarcastic-wince]

Sutekh: Oh, no wonder.

Kit: Is Vancouver cleaner than Taranno?

Yes.

Kit: Taranno is, like, sparkling.

Then Vancouver is, like, sparkled-sparkling.

Kit: What are those islands like? What's that island called? Victoria Island?

Canary Island?

(It is at this point that Heaven and all Nirvana occurs. The point when an American talks about Geography, Ladies and Gentlemen, this is hubris: i.e., when you fuck up because your country Has The Bomb and couldn't give a cuckoo's ass where anything in the world is outside of the Big Ol' USA.)

Sutekh: The Canary Islands are...

...somewhere else...

Cato: [Snidey] You mean the Arctic, right?

Kit: No, uh...

Sutekh: Hawaii?

Kit: NO not that island. It was called, like, "Good Friendship Island" or "Clean Canadian People Island." It was somewhere that we were going to all play.

Sutekh: That was on Victoria Island, wasn't it? **Kit:** Clean Canadian...

(I try to explain that Victoria is the capital of BC when Chris Sattinger injects, once again with brilliance: "Gabriola Island," he says. He knows. After all, he's the agent.)

Kit: Gabriola—the Clean Island. Their tourism bureau advertised heavily how clean they were.

Sutekh: There's no Victoria Island?!!

No Victoria is the capital of BC which is on Vancouver Island.

Kit: I always thought BC stood for "Before Christ"? I thought it was sort of like the Babel of North America.

Sutekh: The North American Babel?!!

Kit: Like the city of Babel.

[Lengthy pause—no one knows what the hell is going on. We all seem embarrassed.]

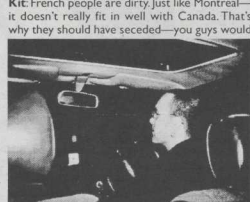
Sutekh: Is that where the Indians come from? **Kit:** This has to be deleted.

Where are you off to next, traveling?

Kit: Montreal. Clean. Montreal's dirty.

Sutekh: That's because of the French people. [At this, Cato begins scoffing with that Quebecois look of insult and words like tabernac begin to form.]

Kit: French people are dirty just like Montreal—it doesn't really fit in well with Canada. That's why they should have seceded—you guys would



have been a whole lot cleaner without those dirty French... sssppp... ssspppawwwhh... (He's barely able to get the words out as the majority of us choke on our food and laugh, ter, risking asphyxiation, and Cato gets fighting mad. Her eyes bunch up. I love her like this. It's sexy. Nothing like a hopping mad Frenchie.)

Kit: This has to be deleted.

[Egging Cato on] C'mon Cato, c'mon...

Kit: [To Cato] Are you French? Oh, you are dirty!

You look clean on the surface, but no matter how much you scrub behind your ears you can't get away from your dirty little French spawn roots.

(At this point, I hope no members of the FLQ are reading. Kit does admit that he is just kidding. He was, after all, just in France, and it was very dirty. Sutekh agrees: "France was not dirty just because there is dog-poo everywhere it doesn't mean that France was dirty." Kit disagrees. He thinks that Berlin is dirty. He also thinks that Americans are dirty too. After all, he's just placing our Quebecois Cato in the context of a clean, Gabriollian society.)

Kit: Now Seth is going to tell us the origin of his name. How did you get your name?

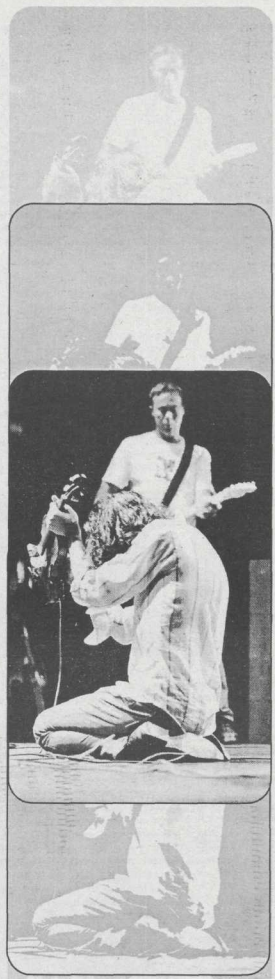
Sutekh: One day I went up on the mountain, with my laptop. I talked to the Indians. And I said "Indian master, Kit Clayton sent me up here to get advice from you. And I am wondering, what should be my artist name?" And they told me.

Kit: Falling-Pants?

Sutekh: Yes, and translated into the Indian dub-language, that is Sutekh.

They've got muck shit on Context, Belief-Systems, -scape, Background, Yekitte, Force Inc., Source, Cytrax, Parallel, Missle, yoddia yoddia. Start looking at <http://www.belief-systems.com>.

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In 1992, Warren Ellis bravely fiddled where no man had ever fiddled before—Melbourne's inner-city pub-circuit. The result was *The Dirty Three*—big dodgies to a misfit-theatre of classical musicians.

In October this year, "Australadians" from Whistler and beyond gathered to hear *The Dirty Three* perform in Vancouver. I was amongst them and caught up with D3 violinist Warren Ellis a few hours before the show. Our discussion—filmed as part of a profile documentary to be released in New York in 2001—takes place on week one of their North American tour.

Things seem to be going fairly well for Ellis, who became a father earlier this year. D3's latest full-length album, *Whatever You Love, You Are*, has just been voted "Best Australian Independent Release of 2000" by music-industry insiders. Ellis crosses his legs and bends forward in his chair. In some ways, he doesn't know what the big deal is about. "Our line-up always struck me as kind of normal, really." After years of cleaning windows, toilets, teaching children and a stint in a whiskey distillery, Ellis settled with music because "it's a real release for things that I don't particularly have a language to communicate in any other way." Not that he's short on words. In live performance, for example, Ellis' introductions often last longer than your average short story. And what a telling—complete with poem and pause, curse and confession, death, drugs, damsels, and that passionate, matadorial style of dance. Unmistakable.

A self-described "late starter," Ellis played his first gig at age 27 in the darkest corner of a small burgundy pub—the dirty side of Melbourne. It was a low-budget affair, with no PA and no stage. No matter—the audience were all mates anyway. With guitarist Mick Turner (Tren Brother and recent Cat Power collaborator, along with D3 percussionist Jim White), Ellis stretched their five songs into two hours of music. "We just played really long." To their surprise, people loved it. People like fellow Melbourne Nick Cave (Warren moonlights as a Bad Seed), who invited the band to join him for their first European tour. By 1996—after subsequent support gigs for the likes of Pavement, Beck, Jon Spencer, Beastie Boys—there wasn't a good share-house in Melbourne who didn't own a copy of *Horse Stories* and, later, *Ocean Songs*, their two most popular albums before the current release. By this stage, Ellis had become the unintentional hero of a swarm of young, classically-trained musicians who felt alienated by narrow definitions of how their instruments should sound. That habit of "playing long" was, in part, the realization of a new genre of music, one which no one's quite coined a term for. One critic recently referred to the style as "ensemble-rock." If you think that's bad, how about "folk-rock," "classical-rock," or "rock sound-scape"?

DISORDER: Does it matter what we call it?

Warren Ellis: Well, it doesn't really matter to me. It does matter to some people. For me, music is music. Things have distinct flavors because of where they're from. If you listen to folk music from all around Europe, it's very different [from] Asian music, but essentially it's all music. It's interesting because people will ask you for an explanation and that almost presupposes that some thought has gone into it, and you know, quite often there is some thought, and quite often there's not. I find the more and more I'm involved in making music, the more I have to remove myself from it after the fact. Meaning starts becoming apparent afterwards for me. I find that with other things as well—you bring your own package along to some-

thing and it starts having a meaning. Some bits of music, people say what they think is going on in it, and it can be really wonderful and it's something you've never thought at all. You have no right, even as the maker of it, to say, "Actually it's not about that," because you don't own it anymore—it's in the public domain. But I don't really feel very qualified at all. I don't really know how relevant it is actually, to when it's finally made. I'd probably feel better talking more about playing or something like that. I feel like I can talk a bit more about that. It's actually a question that I really kind of find myself thinking about more and more, and not really coming any closer to having an answer.

For it. And also because you're doing it involved with other people—in this case I'm one of three people—you're speaking for yourself, and you're not really representing the other people. Automatically if there's one person talking it's assumed that they're the key [person], and that's far from the truth in this case. All of a sudden the focus of it's changed, and that sort of bothered me.

You began as a classical violinist. Did you find the style unsatisfying?
I did some exams and played for orchestras. I didn't understand it at all. It didn't seem to be connected to anything that I was enjoying when I was a kid, you know? It was really frustrating trying to play "It's a Long Way to the Top When You Wanna Rock n' Roll" on a violin, you know? I didn't really connect with it. It's interesting because I think a lot of the melodies that I heard then are now, in some way, coming back within me. I found myself at the beginning going so far away from the sound of the violin that I really was doing everything I could to not sound like that. Now I'm quite happy to come back to it. That's something that's come in the last couple of years within the way that I play. I don't think about it that much. Moments like these are probably the most that I would analyze something. I tend to not do that.

What's D3's process for making the music you make?
There's always a basic idea—we're not freeform. There's a sense that people would imagine it. There are elements of freeness in there; there's also a structure. It's grounded in that. There's so many directions it can go on, whether it's dynamics or how you're playing, speed, or what

you play. But there is a basic kind of structure.

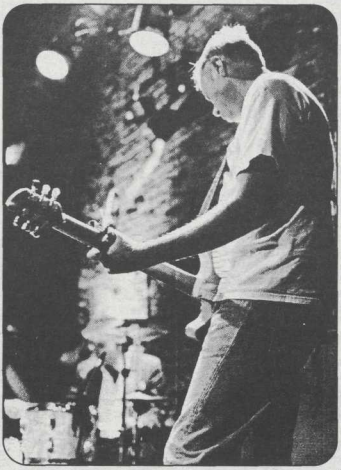
Some musicians—those who play "typically classical" instruments yet don't fit the definition of "typically classical"—say that your music has brought them hope. Do you ever get a sense of that?

I don't know. It would be nice to think... I always like it when people come up and tell me that they're hearing our music or seeing our shows has kind of been a launch pad for them. That's really fantastic. And then, when they've been able to find their own thing, I'm really happy. That's really great. I don't think about it too much. I know that you ever feel pressure to justify your music? It's interesting that you say that.

thing of justifying things because you don't have to justify anything! It's almost like a lot of people have more time to think about it than you do, and because you're really involved with it closely, it's hard to be objective about it. I mean, I love music, and I love to make music, and that's really kind of it. We thought about it after the fact, but we didn't really get together and make a certain thing, you know? It just happened really naturally—it has evolved like a relationship evolves. I started wondering on the last couple of records, do we need to get some more people, to expand you to see each other as a part of yourself—that's the only thing. I read biographies of film directors. To hear how they constantly try to do different things, to look at things differently, to pull you out all of a sudden, from where you're just rattling along. I guess that one of the big fears is that you'll just continue to repeat yourself. But you don't want to force change—that's something really unnatural. That's probably the most mysterious thing about it I think, 'cause if that happens, the rest follows, you know?

I want to ask you about the relationship within a band. How has the dynamic within the band changed after eight years of playing with each other?

I guess we've seen each other at our best and our worst. There's times when it's just gotten ludicrous. I know groups who go away for a couple of months, and they never see each other again. Sometimes you just have to put things behind you because you're just the same as everybody else in terms of relationship. The band becomes like another person in a way, someone to look after, to take care



of, you know. It sort of seems like nurturing a child. It grows, and you grow together. It's something very different now than it was back then. In essence, it's still the same, but you know, things have changed too.

You were just talking about wanting to create something new all the time. Where does a pressure like that come from?

We've never been a band who've buckled to any outside pressure. We've had to have probably stopped long before we started. We came out of an environment that was really healthy in a musical aspect in Melbourne, but in regards to things with record labels—this was eight years ago—we were playing in bars, and labels weren't really interested in putting out things without a singer. It never struck me as very strange as all. If we had buckled to any pressure like that we wouldn't be doing what we're doing, and we never did for that reason, we just enjoyed playing together. Definitely the pressure comes from your self and within the group. I see it more like a kind of a journey—it seems to follow through from other things in your life. I can't separate music from my life. It's always struck me as really important to keep looking. I never feel particularly content with anything I do.

Do you ever come to a point where you wonder "Is this success?" or "This is success?"

It's a really personal thing. If you're trying to get in the top 10 and you do, then you've succeeded, but I've never looked at music in terms of success, only in terms of how much more I can get from it. I still listen to AC/DC, I still listen to Beethoven and Bach and Stravinsky, and I still listen to things I listened to a long time ago, but I also know that I keep looking for [new] things. I start getting a bit frustrated or something, and I want to absorb more things. I've never seen this band as anything other than a vehicle for us to do what we want to do, a place where we really have freedom. It's also a place where it allows me to connect with really primal urges, and it feels like quite a special place for that reason. So many things you have to fit in to a structure and I just find it really liberating. Over the years I've have moments where I totally question whether anything is going to happen... I guess a lot of it has to do with faith and believing in what you're doing. Is that a belief in the process or the fact that you're doing something worthwhile?

I try not to take too much notice of what is said about it because it can be really misleading for myself. Yeah, I don't know. It's like that feeling some days, you get up and feel like you could carve a hole in the sky, and other days you get up and you feel like you can't even get out of bed. Some days it feels right and some days it doesn't. I find myself constantly questioning things. I don't always feel really happy with everything that I've done, and I don't think it's really good to sit on it for too long either. Maybe I'm just not a very happy person with myself. I don't know. It's quite interesting actually because I've had this coming up. We've sort of got into this thing where we do a record, you have this burst doing it, that gets done, and you get into this things of playing, this system of things, a process. Sometimes it's really good and sometimes I wonder, on a purely creative level, is it? I mean, it's so important to play in front of people—that's where it really gets a life. Things, unless they're consumed, don't exist. You do a painting, put it in a drawer and leave it there—it does physically exist but as for actually having a life, it needs to be consumed by people.

Would you be content just to record and not play live?

No. Music's always been about communication for me, in terms of when I listen to it. It's communicating, you know. It's one of the things that are really unique about music—you can get out and see the audience you play to. They're there in the room. When you write a book, you don't see everyone who reads it or their reaction to it. It makes [music] quite different from the other creative art forms.

Part of the appeal of your music is that it isn't all "happy happy?"

I guess it depends on what makes you happy. I find a lot of what

"Things, unless they're consumed, don't exist. You do a painting, put it in a drawer and leave it there—it does physically exist but as for actually having a life, it needs to be consumed by people."

we do really uplifting, it's working your way out of something, it's the learning part. That's when you start learning. Particularly when we started, [performing live] was a really fantastic workout, unloading a whole lot of frustration, physically and emotionally. It's definitely a vehicle for that. It goes back to what I was saying about tapping in to something quite primal.

What keeps you sane on the road?

Today? I like to listen to music. I find the novelty of travelling around wore off after a while. It can be playing the show. Sometimes playing a show can feel like it's gonna be a real hurdle, and sometimes it's really great, you've risen out of where you were. Other days you can feel so depressed after playing. Some days I feel so depressed after playing; it hasn't connected, you know? You always have this thing where when it's been really great, you want it to [continue] being really great, and it's like anything. It's never constant. I guess leaving ourselves so wide open with what we do, you're bound to fall. I think that's part of the intrinsic charm and beauty of what we're doing. We've always been prepared to step out on a ledge.

Isn't that, in a way, part of what you were saying before about changing direction, as in, you needing those crisis points? I imagine it would be an incredibly dislocating experience to be on the road for so long.

It's like those things sometimes when you try really hard, you fall over. And then you just let things go naturally. It can unfold really fantastically. You get really surprised. But you can't help but have expectations, too, based on prior experiences. I think people get that, too. If they've seen a show that's really moved them and then they're let down or whatever.

That seemed to happen with Jeff Buckley's first and second tours in Melbourne.

It seems like sometimes, so much weight is put on the performer, and it's like "You've really let me down." It's like, hang on, it's saying as much about you as it is about them. More, probably more about you. Maybe you've just changed, you know? It seems like the whole music thing—we've got caught in it, we've found some funny niche in there—it can be really ruthless too. It's really hard if suddenly you're really fashionable, and the next day you're not, but you still believe what you're doing.

Do you have to force yourself to a point where it really doesn't matter because it is so futile?

I don't think I feel like that. I would hope I'm not like that. I hope

I don't get like that. I've had to physically pull myself onto stage some nights, but I don't get like that.

Do you have any concept of your music being particularly Australian?

Well I am Australian. I don't feel any less Australian not living there [Ellis moved to Paris with his wife four years ago]. In fact, I probably feel more Australian now. I don't live there because I have a much fonder picture of it being away from there. I grew up there, and your environment influences you. I don't know if it's a distinctly Australian sound. People say it sounds like the desert, sounds really big and wide, but that's their preconceptions. I'd never been to the desert until the start of this year. The furthest I'd ever been was a couple of hundred kilometers from Melbourne until a few years ago. I think Australia's far enough away from everywhere else to kind of have an identity. I find that with New Zealand as well. I don't really know. Do you ever miss the feeling of things being "small and local"?

Certainly. In terms of it getting bigger, I never thought about that either. We seem to be more popular than I even ever would've thought. I wouldn't really like to be much bigger 'cause I find it really unusual to play to really big crowds. When we've done festivals it's so impersonal, you're so far removed from things. It's a big of a vicious circle, really.

When you become famous I assume you become particularly susceptible to other people's idealizations. It sounds like you're graceful about that.

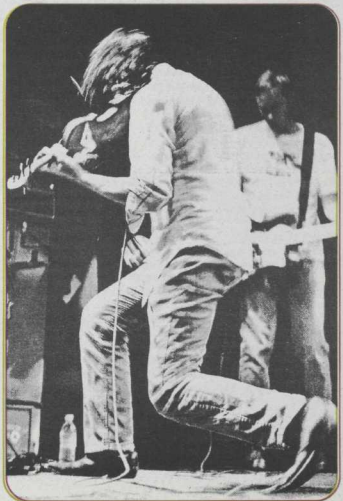
[Laughs] I'm not particularly famous.

Well, back in Melbourne you've got a bit of a name for yourself. You don't think of yourself as famous?

No. I don't. No! I don't at all. I feel really fortunate, but no, I never honestly really think about that.



by Clare Bowditch
Photos by
Ann Goncalves



BY BARBARA ANDERSEN



THE
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1. The evening after my interview with Rachel Carns and Radio Sloan of the Need, I watched a live webcast of their show at the Double Door in Chicago. During a pause in the set, Radio told the audience, "We improvise our set list. It's so unprofessional." Rachel responded, "But that's okay; we're all about practice and dialogue." "Oh yeah, we're gay, I forgot," said Radio.

2. The Need Is Dead (Chainsaw Records, 2000) mixes Satan with savior. It and previous releases defy description.

3. Their rock opera, *The Transfused*, written with activist/writer/singer Nomy Lamm, premiered at the Capitol Theater in Olympia, Washington this summer.

4. Their collective pedigree includes stints in Kicking Giant, Ce Be Barnes Band, and the Fakes.

5. They have matching tattoos.

6. During the interview, they responded very politely to the fact that my interest in the Need seemed to escape the ordinary parameters of rock journalism.

DISORDER: So there's some sort of web broadcast going on of the show tonight [in Chicago]?

Rachel Carns: Yeah, DCN, dcn.com I think.

How did you get that set up?

Rachel: They just e-mailed us, said they wanted to broadcast our shows, the cameras were already all set up, there won't even need to be anybody there, it'll all be pretty unobtrusive.

I'd never even heard of DCN, so I was pretty surprised. Rachel: Yeah, there's I think three shows that we're doing that are going to be broadcast by them.

You've already started doing the Blonde Redhead tour?

Rachel: Yeah.

How's that going?

Rachel: It's going well; sold out shows everywhere, pretty much. From what I've seen, Blonde Redhead and the Need have slightly different audiences.

Rachel: Yeah, there's a small crossover. But it's definitely, like, you know. Our peeps are there, but there's this whole other crowd of people that we have to win over who have never heard our band before.

Are you getting a good reaction?

Rachel: Generally, yeah. Haven't had any hecklers.

Hecklers can be fun, though. I remember at the Yoyo show (1999) you had some streakers goin' on.

[laughter]

Rachel: Yeah, that was a strange one.

Was it strange? Or is that a regular occurrence?

Rachel: Well, that was our one and only streaker, actually. Was

that the same show where our friends took all their shirts off?

Radio Sloan: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

I remember someone saying, "Friends don't let friends show tits." That was the crowning line.

[giggles]

Rachel: I think that was me.

[more giggles]

I wanted to ask you about *The Transfused*. Are you happy with how it turned out?

Rachel: Oh, I thought it was amazing. The whole thing. It was a year and a half's work for us to make that happen. It was really incredible. It was bigger and more time-consuming than either one of us imagined that it was going to be. So many people in the community who were involved, like hundreds of people. There was a cast of 22, plus so many people working on different art aspects and techno aspects of the show that it was just really exciting.

What do you hope that *The Transfused* achieved in your community? I'm looking at it as an activist event.

Radio: It really was. I do think the point that we were trying to make came across to people. All the feedback: "This part was great because of this!" or whatever. People seemed to really get it. Which was great. That's really hard when you're creating something because you don't want it to be totally gay over people's heads, but you don't want it to be totally simple and stupid. I rate that part average.

But generally you feel that it was successful in reaching people?

Radio: I think so. Did you see it?

I didn't. Some friends of mine went down and they were really impressed.

Rachel: Yeah, I thought it was great. And it was a great space for a lot of people in Olympia who are involved in activism in different forms, like artists and musicians, and marchers and civil disobedience people, and all these radical kids to get involved and be able to give what they do to a huge project. It really worked in that way I think.

Things in the US and in Canada are becoming a lot more politically conservative. What do activists or radicals need to do to make themselves and their causes more visible and louder in this era?

Radio: Well, don't you think there's going to be a huge backlash if that sort of thing actually happens?

I do. And that's what I'm hoping will happen if we have an even further shift to the right here.

Radio: Me too, me too.

Rachel: I think so too. And just the way that power is diffused I think, if "right-wing" at the cartoon level is in power, that kind of allows for the same extreme of radical and progressive reaction to it on multiple levels.

Do you appreciate those extremes? They're creative extremes.

Rachel: Yeah, they are. Some of the most amazing art and literature happened during wartime, historically. I think even though it sucks, sometimes when things are toned down or "not so bad", it's easy to get comfortable. More than anything it's a reminder that you have to keep your head up.

Who is Marcie, the woman who sings those two songs on your last album?

Radio: Marcie is a friend of ours who lives in Los Angeles who sings for a band called Patsy and a band called Page. We've just been huge fans of her vocal stylings and asked her to do a few songs on this last record with us. We wanted a chance to work with her. We kind of wrote those songs ["Eva Carriere" and "Mona Tinsley"] with her in mind.

She has a very smooth delivery that fits in with the open spaces and smoothness of parts of that album.

"THE NEED AND NOMY SOUNDTRACK TO WRES WE JUST PLAYED AN HOURS AND SINGING COMMENTARY ON WHAT

Rachel: We really like working with other people, bringing other people onto our weird little Need planet and seeing what happens.

And you had Karaneadeoke—which I can't pronounce very well. Can you visualize something like that happening again, with more guests?

Radio: We were just talking about doing a show on New Year's. We do it every couple of months in Olympia. We put the word out that we're going to do the show and people say, "Oh, I've always wanted to sing this song!" We ask a couple of people to play with us, and we learn the songs and practice with them a couple of times and have a show that covers different singers.

PHOTOS LORI KIESSLING



What are some of the ones you've been doing recently?
Radio: We haven't done one for, like, five months. I can't remember what we did last time!

Rachel: Yeah, it's been a while.

Radio: I can't remember what we did last time.

Rachel: Our repertoire has included Bruce Springsteen, Tom Petty, the B-52s, Heart...

I thought the B-52s cover was really great, and it was only after I heard your version of it that I realized that the B-52s' first album has a lot of similarities with some of your music.

Rachel: People say that. It's interesting because it's definitely not conscious. I wasn't even really listening to the B-52s at that time. But I appreciate their aesthetic.

Was the "American Woman" cover a part of Karaneadaoke?

Radio: No, we wanted to give Pat [Maley] a song for his [Projector] compilation. He'd asked us for one and said he was willing to record any song for us. We just wanted to do that song because we had been playing it at a couple of shows, and it seemed like a good thing to do.

**LAMM WERE THE LIVE
TLING THAT YEAR, AND
IMPROVISED SONG FOR
NOMY IMPROVISED VOCALS,
WAS GOING ON IN THE PIT!**

To reclaim it from Lenny Kravitz

[laughter]

Rachel: Wasn't that maybe before Lenny Kravitz covered it? We'd been playing it for a while.

I remember hearing your recording for the first time around the same time that the Lenny Kravitz version came out.

Radio: Yeah, we would never play it again because of that. I was kind of actually embarrassed that somebody might relate it to that.

Rachel: Well [this] is such a crap version. It doesn't groove at all.

Radio: It's not okay for him to do that song, I really don't think.

Rachel: But enough about Lenny Kravitz.

Who is DJ Zena?

Radio: Zena is a friend of ours from Olympia who does a lot of DJ stuff at parties and plays clubs and stuff. Like Marcie, we just really wanted a chance to work with her, so she did DJ stuff on a couple of songs we did with her.

Someone asked me to ask you, Radio, what type of guitar you play.

Radio: I play a Rickenbacker 610 with hot sweet pickups that I installed myself.

Obviously you do a lot of electronics work, customization of amps and such. What are some of the things you've done with the rig that you're playing with now?
Radio: Marshall just came out with a new amp that I really wanted, so I actually just have a regular old Marshall half-stack right now. But the Rickenbacker was really good for the first record because it had this kind of country punk sound, like Rickenbackers always have or something. Kinda twangy. But then the second record we started playing a lot more heavy metal stuff, and it just wasn't really cutting it. I really liked the way the guitar felt, so I didn't want another one. So I went and I rounded out a new hole in the guitar and put in heavy metal pickups so I had the option of both. Which is actually really fussy because I have to switch around pickups all the time.

[Apropos of nothing] Mudwrestling!

Rachel: [laughs] Mudwrestling.

I wanted so badly to go and I had to get home from Yoyo, so I've got the poster hanging in my office as a reminder of what I missed. How many times have you organized Olympia Womyn's Mudwrestling?

Radio: We did it twice, right?

Rachel: Yeah, we actually took the torch from folks who had done mudwrestling every year before that. It's not like we originated the idea of mudwrestling in Olympia. We just happened to do it during Yoyo when things were a little more high-profile and now when we're touring people come up to me and ask me if we're going to do mudwrestling next year!

How did it turn out?

Rachel: The Need and Nomy Lamm were the live soundtrack to wrestling that year, and we just played an improvised song for three hours and Nomy improvised vocals, singing commentary on what was going on in the pit.

Like a play-by-play of mudwrestling?

Rachel: Yeah. And we had go-go dancers!

Radio: It was really funny.

Rachel: It was a great time. It was really HOT.

The poster I have for last year's mudwrestling has a bunch of other bands on it. Meme America and some others.

Radio: We didn't play that year. I actually ended up moving into the house where they had the mudwrestling, which is why we ended up having it twice. I was organizing it and I knew that it was going to be really big that day. I was running around, doing things, so I didn't want to play.

Rachel: It was also a great chance for these bands, which we thought were really rad, to play for a bunch of people—bands that weren't asked to play Yoyo.

The last time you were in Vancouver you played with Meme America and they were really mind-blowing.

Radio: They're great, huh?

And they're close friends of yours as well?

Radio: Well, you know Sally? That's Sally, our Sally.

Is it true you've got a 7" coming out with Erase Errata?

Rachel: Yeah, it's a CD actually—a compilation between The Need, Erase Errata, and Meme America. It should be released within the next couple of months.

If you have anything else that I don't know about that you feel like talking about, go ahead!

Radio: I have something I want to tell you. Right now I'm working on coming up with some new terms for audio connectors, because I'm so fucking sick of hearing, "Can I have a female quarter-inch cord, please?" You know what I'm talking about?

Yeah, I do.

Radio: I'm going to try to come up with something else. Just a different name, and just make it a standard and make a fanzine about it or something, some kind of format, and send it to music stores, send it to record stores, send it to whoever many magazines I can afford to. Because I think it's time that that changed, right?

See the Need play with Propaganda, Che: Chapter 127, Sook-Yin Lee, Rae Spoon and Trivie's Undersea Adventure at Rock For Choice on Saturday, January 13th at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre.

Discography

The Need w/Miranda July *Margie Stops Time 7"* (Kill Rock Stars, 1996)

The Need 7" (Kill Rock Stars, 1996)

Jackie O'Lantern 7" (Outpunk, 1996)

The Need w/Joe Preston and DJ Zena *H-Fi 10"* (Up, 1999)

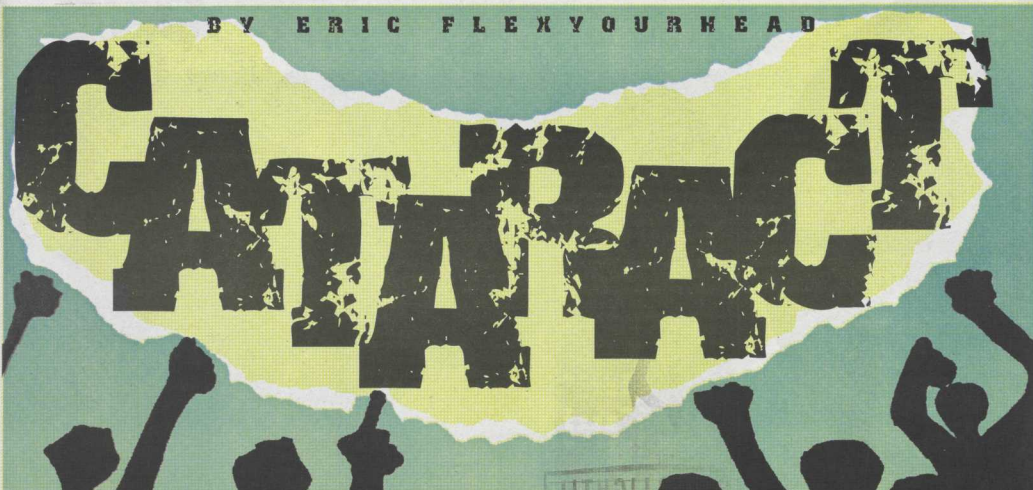
Karaneadaoke 7" (Kill Rock Stars, 1999)

The Need CD (Chainsaw, 1997)

The Need Is Dead CD (Chainsaw, 2000)

The Transfixed CD (Yoyo, 2000)

The Need/Erase Errata/Meme America CD (Yoyo, forthcoming)



If you haven't heard of Catacract yet, now's your chance. These four guys (and one German) give you how to do heavy hardcore the way it was meant to be done. They do it as well as just about any kids on our side of the Atlantic will soon be able to hear them with their new full-length CD release coming soon on New Jersey's Ferret Records. If you can't wait for that, you can check them out at their website, www.catacract.ch, pick up their copy of an Infinite Records or their 7" on Join the Team Player/Natural High Records.

DISCORDER: First of all, the obvious: give us the run-down of who everyone is, and what they do in Catacract.
Simon: Okay. Catacract is Chris "Mosh" on vocals, Simon on guitar, Greg on guitar, Michi on bass, Ricki on drums.

And a quick Catacract history lesson...
Simon: Catacract was formed in September of 1998. Greg came up with the idea to jam at that time. So we did, and it was clear from the first moment that we had to make more out of it. We knew Mosh from his second band, elision (in 1997 we put out a split 7" with elision and our old band, Damage ID). He was, and still is, an awesome singer! So we asked him to join the band. And there was Michi joining the band as the new kid on the block. He is an old friend of ours. We released a demo about four weeks later that was also pressed on CD by Infinite Records. In summer '99 we did a 7" for Join the Team Player Records and some compilation tracks. And now we are going to release a CD on Ferret Records in October.

With My Strain connection I can only wonder about the origin of the band's name...

Simon: Okay, okay! We haven't taken the name from your song—although I like that song, and I like Strain a lot! You know how hard it is to find a good name that has some meaning and a good sound. We figured that Catacract has both. We originally came up with the name because of two things: the eye (disease) and the name of an HR Giger picture. It's scary and has a dark feel. Ricki: I'd only refer to the HR Giger painting. I don't want to trash a meaning into a name just for the sake of it. We wanted a good sounding, short name, nothing that people would abbreviate.

Even given the closeness of Zurich and Würzburg, it almost seems unlikely that Catacract would be able to exist. How did Catacract even come together in the first place considering the distance factor?

Simon: Hmm, we haven't thought about distance a lot because good singers are hard to find, and even more importantly, we have to get along with each other. We have to be a team, and that's what matters. Distance was never a big deal. With practicing it's harder, but we see each other at least two weekends per month, and during the weeks we come up with new songs and stuff.
Mosh: The distance isn't really a problem, we practice in Zurich, and for me it's always a pleasure to come to the city. I really like it there. Switzerland in general rocks. I love it there. It's about three hours away from where I live! Most of the time I go down there for a weekend, and we practice twice and have a lot of fun just hanging around. Ricki: I personally am not really happy about it

because I think there would be more room for us here, even if the whole band would be able to rehearse about a week a day.

Where have you all come from, and are any of you currently involved in any bands other than Catacract?

Simon: Ricki and I used to play in Mine, Arktikola, Fergulon, Damage ID, and some other bands before Catacract. Ricki and I have played together for 10 years now. Before that, I used to play in a somewhat of a punk metal band, and I used to play in a more NOFX kinda like band. Ricki: It was a power metal/progressive metal band. We wanted to be like Water tower and Jag Panzer. We did a Poison idea cover "Passio Bonni". **Simon:** Mosh is still in elision and used to play in other bands. He can explain that better than me! Greg also used to be in smaller local bands like Cease, Blue Water, Boy Some, Cass Fire, and others. Michi started out with us. **Mosh:** Like Simon said, I still play with elision. Before that I played drums in a band called Cheap Thrill, and before that I played guitar in a few punk projects that are not even worth mentioning.

Your vocalist, Mosh, is also in the very long running German hardcore band, elision! I find it surprising that elision, who have been slugging away for six or seven years now, remain comparatively unknown while Catacract have managed to come along and be popular all over Europe in a very short time. Have you noticed this as well? If yes, any ideas as to why?

Simon: In my eyes, the change of their sound around '96/97 made a lot of people turn their backs on them—which is not understandable, honestly, because they're a good band. It also depends on how much you play and the people you know and stuff. It's hard to say, I guess it also helps that I do a lot for the scene and Ricki used to do a fanzine. **Mosh:** Maybe it's what Simon just said—we (elision) changed our sound on every record we've done so far. I think I can say that our first CD, *Thoughts*, was the most popular. The members of Catacract all seem VERY involved in other aspects of the scene. Tell us about that...

Simon: We are all very active in this one or another way. Besides the band I run the label Natural High Records and the newsletter *Fear No Love* together with Pat Federil and help him and Markus with the booking agency Drive to Play. Ricki: I've been doing zines here and there, but they never lasted long—mostly two issues and that's it. But I'll do another one, that's for sure, as soon as I've got some money left. I love doing it! **Mosh:** Playing in two bands keeps me pretty busy, but I also have a small studio, where I record mostly Hardcore bands from the Würzburg area. Most of the bands come to me to record their first demo. Of course we did record the first Catacract demo in my studio and everything we did with elision.

How long have you been involved in the hardcore scene? Was there a defining moment in your life when you suddenly realized "this is for me, this is what I want to do"?
Simon: I started out being interested in hardcore/punk/metal beginning in 1983. First I was just a regular "consumer" and tape trader, but then I got involved more and more, bought my first

guitar, and then straight edge took over my life, and after that I couldn't go back anymore. A defining moment? I guess there are three: my first guitar, going straight edge in '88, and when my old band broke, because then I was bigger and saw a chance to reach other people. But I started off with metal, like Maiden, Slayer, Celtic Frost. I got to know this other kid, Dave, who was into underground metal. We came up with the idea of doing a zine and that's how I got in touch with hardcore—I got some zines and some of them only featured hardcore. I wondered what sort of music these bands would play, and I wasn't really attracted by their music but rather by the spirit, that DIY stuff, the attitude. There wasn't a defining moment for me, it was rather the whole process of getting involved into it.

You mentioned that you recently recorded a new full length and flew to New Jersey to mix it at the legendary Trax East. How was the experience mixing in a studio that's got such an incredible hardcore history? How did you find working with Steve Evetts?

Simon: The basic idea was a dream we had. You know when you buy all these CDs that you start to love after listening to them over and over again and you read on every and each of them "recorded and mixed at Trax East"? I figured there must be magic around that studio because I am a fucking perfectionist and technical freak. So we saved all the money and decided to go there. We didn't work with Steve Evetts because he is not at Trax East anymore. We had our own producer from Europe.

When can we expect the new Catacract full length?
Simon: The CD will come out on Ferret! Check their website, www.ferretstyle.com. The name is *Golem*, and it will be out in October. We are talking to some people here in Europe to do the vinyl, but nothing is fixed yet.

You've all been involved in the hardcore scene for a long time now. Are there any aspects of the current hardcore scene that totally piss you off right now?

Mosh: What pisses me off the most is the separation in the hardcore scene. Some people are so intolerant. Even if there are so many styles in hardcore or punk music, this idea is still the same. Ricki: All these vegan straight edge bands that popped up after Earth Crisis and Day Of Suffering, especially over here—they're mostly gone for good. Barking about how important veganism and straightedge is and next time you see them they've sold out. Veganism and straightedge are serious issues, but such people make it look like a fucking joke. Or that PC type stuff after Downcast/Exhibition came up years ago. I don't care what someone believes in the first place, but I want people to be real—not images. •

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Web: <http://www.catacract.ch>

To read the full version of this interview, check out

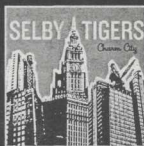
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DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE Forbidden Love (Barsuk)

The last time we heard from DCFC, critics everywhere were calling them the next big thing. I guess the question, then, is whether or not they have made the leap from next big thing status to contenders for the indie rock throne.

The track listing screams "cool your jets, this is just an EP." It's just five songs, two of which are alternate versions of songs from their last album and one which is a B-side from their first album. It'd be unfair to judge the band by this EP. The first track, "Photobooth," however, is honestly the best song I've heard all year. The rest of the EP, sadly, isn't quite so spectacular. The second song, the only other new one, is catchy as hell, but gets old fast. The third song is a B-side from their acclaimed debut and, though it's a nice song, you can certainly tell why they left it off the album. Most disappointing, though, are the alternate versions of "405" and "Company Call Epilogue" from their last album. Personally, I'd buy this EP again just for "Photobooth," but it's not the definitive masterpiece that's just waiting squeeze out of these guys.

godfrey j. leung, esq.

DROP MODULATION elementary (drop modulation)

Today I received an e-mail from some rave company from Europe that is touring North America, claiming to bring back the "pure" music and "pure" origins of the rave scene. Against better judgement, I sent them a reply to this spam, basically calling them naive and pointing out that they were a business and not a break-in. How things have changed. And as I write this, a slow, pounding beat, like the call to a sandworm, permeates slumber. Warm in mellow-round sound, Jovan Francey and Tom Szymanski finally bring out a CD of one of their incredible live sets that have

been an integral part of TeamLounge events. In every city there are pockets of things called that seem to compile in a sort of obverse black hole, an outpouring of creativity and in Vancouver it is that slow dub feeling, found on Interchill and Phil Western records, and with the Twilight Circus Dub Soundsystem and the sexy-slow monolithic and monumental gatherings of TeamLounge.

"Wildflowers," the fourth and last track on the CD—and this is not because it is short, because each track is close to 20 minutes long—remains my favourite. The beats are Orb-influenced, but the sound, the rolling sound of the melodrama, is all drop modulation. "Butterfly" is another rolling exploration, with the beats moving in strange patterns, on strange equipment: no 808s here, we have Texas Instruments Drum Calculators...

"Q u i l l," the first track, explores beatless synth modules until a bass, watery, dripping, and echo in a cavern of mysterious delights, occurs with murderous-stealth precision: a leading, fissure, to the awkward track, hidden topography of "Inflatable."

A taste can be found via real audio at www.teamlounge.com, but any music lover will find and buy this at Boomtown in Vancouver.

tobias

THE ISOMNIAKS Get Something Good (Estrus)

Indeed these paisley-wearin', Vox-playin' mofos of mod-pop get the heads and feet goin' with their latest blast of bill-bang-pow straight out of their native homeland of Englishtown, New Jersey. Thirteen tunes of explosive R'n'B, stirring soul and Creation-style countdowns that combine the best elements of 60s freakbeat, garage, and powerpop to tame the pent-up purists and make them ready, steady, go!

Byce Dunn

THE JOCKS The Top Three Answers on the Boards (New Disorder)

Every couple of years, a band comes along and records an album that restores everyone's faith in the ageing genre known as punk rock. Sometimes this restoration stems from a questioning of the conventions of punk, such as Operation Ivy's fusion of punk and ska, or Lifetime's admonition and rejection of the He-Man attitude of hardcore on Hello Bostards. Sometimes it's just a reminder of the power of straight-ahead and attitude-fuelled punk rock, like Rancid's Let's Go. The Top Three Answers on the Boards is one such landmark album. Taking a lot from Fanny and ending up with something that leaves you wondering what Darby Crash would have come up with had he lived for a couple more years, the Jocks have done what the new Rancid and Murder City Devils have only attempted. The scary thing is that these kids are only in twelfth grade, so they've got a long future as the undisputed kings of punk rock ahead of them. On second thought, I'd jump on the bandwagon now, before Epitaph or Fat Wreck Chords signs them and sanitizes them for the Warped Tour crowd.

godfrey j. leung, esq.

LILY FROST

Luminaire
(Trademark)
THE NEW PORNOGRAPHERS
Mass Romantic
(Mint)

One of the few useful things a person could learn from this year's New Music West program was that there's a whole culture of ham-fistedly commercial Canadian bands claiming to play "power pop." Such wannabe music industry players are labouring under the misapprehension that insipid melodies plus turgid guitars equals a free pass to the glittering world of MuchMusic and, consequently, stardom. Haven't these jokers noticed that—Sloan aside—indie-pop simply doesn't shit Canadian units! Dude, if you're not Our Lady Peace (rock) or Shania Twain (pop), then forget it. There's simply no significant crossover audience just waiting to discover the wonderful taste of Veal.

Someone should tell this to Vancouver singer Lindsey Davis. The ex-Colourific's new project—fronting a guitar-pop act under the name Lily Frost—has a hard-to-define air of manufacturing and careerism about it. And yet, Luminaire, the band's second LP, is a retro Francophone collection

guaranteed to alienate Canadian consumers who regard such things as effete and/or boring. Sure, it could get them cult status in Japan or even score a minor hit in the UK, but one rather suspects that this album won't get heard much outside BC.

Which is actually a shame because the sinister industry machinations behind this project should've been allowed to distract from the lovely surfaces they could cloaked in. A crystalline stream of ice-princess eroticism runs through the album—from the walls of guitar EPK, through the breathy vocals and electronic window-dressing, right down to the Serge Gainsbourg-pastiche cover.

Still, Luminaire is really just a neatly contrived package, which displays none of the messy loose ends that always come with the gift of pop genius. For that we have to look to Zumpango instead. Carl Zumpango, a man whose talent for melodic classicism walks hand-in-hand with a combination of booziness and reticence which is distinctly unprofessional (and all the more precious for it).

Newman's latest project is a Van City supergroup called the New Pornographers, which features Dan from Destroyer and, occasionally, Neko Case. Their debut LP, Mass Romantic, is—hand-on-heart—the best pop-rock LP I've heard in years. In contrast to Lily Frost, New Porn achieve a fresh, uncontrived sound remarkable for a band working in such an essentially outdated idiom. Its classically crafted mini-epics flow seamlessly through complex structures, rendered with a perfectly orchestrated mess of squelching synths, screeching sax, and oh so much more. These songs are catchy enough to drive pop fans crazy and punchy enough to grab the rock audience's attention.

In fact, the only thing that will prevent them from taking the world by storm is the fact that they're a bunch of terminally un-ambitious Vancouver scenesters who would probably regard commercial success as a drag (Neko, excepted, of course). Still, Mass Romantic is already selling like hot cakes here and deserves to do so elsewhere.

Sam Macdonald

SEAN MACDONALD Dan and Kings (Nettwerk)

One of the saddest things about the suicide of Adrian Rout was the fact that his band, the Ids, was on the cusp of ascending great heights.

That night he leapt off the edge of the world and into the sea, down at my desk and tried to figure out what the fuck had just happened. Finally, in my hotel room on Yonge, I found him hiding in my guitar "Happy Birthday," I said, and burst into tears. And although he had not yet become an angel, when he spoke, it was in verse. So writes former Ids frontman Sean MacDonald in the CD booklet as an introduction to the staggeringly heart-wrenching "Toronto Song," a song that relates that dreadful night when depression forced Rout to take his own life.

It is obvious that MacDonald has been shaken by Rout's unfortunate passing, if only by the fact that he chose not to replace Rout behind the drum kit. In fact, MacDonald apparently considered quitting the music biz altogether and going back to school—he had even done a "farewell" show at the Sugar Refinery last year. But the other, most obvious indication we have of MacDonald's state of mind lies in the music of this album: while the Ids' song lyrics, solo MacDonald is lyrically, and usually musically, devoid of any happiness—his lyrical humour is, indeed, leaving only a sardonic blackness of emotive content.

Sometimes the dark side of MacDonald works in his favour. After all, the chilling creepiness of "Long Lost Friend" and "Butterfly Wings," among others, show that he has not lost his ability to write lyrics and music that evoke a definite mood, no matter if its playful or dark. In fact, this newfound dark image that MacDonald has cultivated could establish him as the Edgar Allan Poe of Canadian alt-pop.

Let's hope, however, that nobody needs to die unnecessarily for MacDonald to churn out a follow-up as disturbingly good as this solo debut.

Spike

MR DIBBS Primitive Tracks (Cease and Desist)

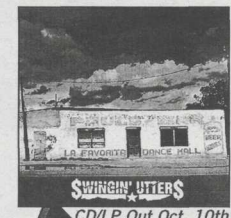
In terms of infrastructure and sheer musical quality,



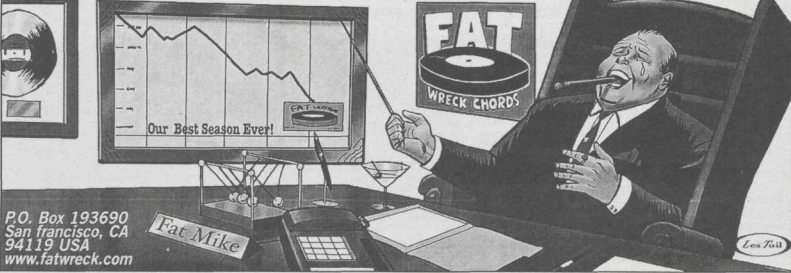
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the rap music underground has never been stronger. Acts like **Anti-Pop Consortium**, **Mike Ladd**, **Sole**, and **Atmosphere** have been responsible for some of the best music released this year. By abandoning the more unfortunate aspects besetting hip hop culture (mindlessness, machismo, materialism) while intensifying the things once made it so vital (raw beats and half-baked lyrics) these folks have created a grass-roots musical renaissance.

As a founding member of **1200 Hobos**, **Mr Dibbs** was down with this renaissance at its inception, so the arrival of this EP is enough to raise expectations and pulses. Sadly, in comparison to the various classics the scene has unleashed upon the world this year, *Primitive Tracks* is a rather haphazard, low-key release. Still, while it's devoid of the super-complex avant-rapping one might expect, this is a worthwhile release insofar as it highlights other aspects of the music and associated culture.

First and foremost the soundtrack to a skateboarding video (of all things), the EP begins with a collection of beat-driven instrumentals. On first listen, these sound rather slight and occasionally elliptical; with repeated sittings they reveal a great deal of momentum and texture. That is to say, Dibbs makes beats as raw and gritty as a skater's knee wound.

But it's on the last track—a live recording of a 20-minute DJ set—that Dibbs cuts the deepest. Chopping between genres with a willful abandon, he reduces his source materials to a stroboscopic display of lo-fi beat science. This is old school turntablism at its finest and rounds off the disc in satisfactory style.

Sam Macklin

THE PETS

Love and War
(Endearing)

Mood swings. Thanks to the miracles of modern prescription medicine, I'm at the mercy of mood swings. As such, I was hoping that a nice pop album would take the edge off of the, shall we say, more unhappy extremes. I was hoping that **The Pets** had made a nice poppy debut album for Endearing. I was right. Kinda.

Dealing with where I was right, I'll declare that there are 11 good songs on this album. While the pop songs in question aren't mind-blowingly brilliant, they're not the worst songs ever committed to tape, either. Heck, these songs served their purpose—keeping me happy—so well. I didn't even mind that **The Pets** seemed to use every pop cliché (handclaps, trumpet, etc.) in their song writing. Fun pop songs are just flat fun.

Now for the "kinda." *Love and War* suffers from too many songs. It probably wouldn't matter as much if these three songs were just bad pop songs at the end of the CD. They aren't. They're two boring pop songs and one bad introspective rock number plunked down in the middle of the CD for no good reason. I know I could just skip over these tracks, but track sequencing isn't my job, now is it? Oh, well. I shouldn't complain. I got the pop album I was looking for didn't I? Sigh. Mood swings.

Cot

TAHITI 80

Puzzle
(Minty Fresh)

How does one deal with a CD that seems to contain no irony whatsoever in our heavily postmodern age? Or is France's **Tahiti 80's** take on Brit pop so earnest that it is ironic by default?

I have a passion for French music and literature's excessiveness; in my books you must admire a country that spawned **Serge Gainsbourg**, the Marquis de Sade and some mindbogglingly obscure literary theory. So how does the sunniness of **Tahiti 80**, with its English vocals (French would have been preferable but less palatable to the masses) and collision of Brit pop, Air, and guitar and fit into this legacy? I struggled with **Puzzle's** bonhomie, with lyrics like "When I look into your eyes/I see a yellow butterfly/flying a high in a beautiful/Summer sky." By looking at all this enthusiasm as excessive in its own right, I have come to grips with all this pop perkiness. After all, **Tahiti 80** do admit that "Don't waste your time/trying to find a meaning/To everything/You might get disappointed." Put that brain in neutral, enjoy the **Puzzle** of **Tahiti 80**, and try to forget you're an English major.

June Scudeler

VIA

The Unaccompanied Voice: An Acappella Compilation
(Secretly Canadian)

This compilation ranges from beautiful (**Mimi Parker** and **Alan Sparhawk**) to annoying (**Nikki McClure** and almost everything else on the album), but most surprising is that none of these people know how to sing. Usually they are covered by their music, but here they are left bare, showing every flaw every breath.

It's like if you saw some guy walking down the street with his school bag hanging out. If these people were singing in your ear you might like it, you know, in private, but not for everyone to hear. You'd want the man to tuck his package the hell away, keep it a secret for someone who wants to know.

Perhaps for some of you, it's not the sound of their voices, but the sounds of their names that will make you want this: **Modest Mouse**, **The Grifters**, **Damien Jurado**, **Pedro**, **the Lion**, **Songs: Ohia**, **Richard Buckner**, **Sharon Topper**...

Christa Min

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OVAL AGRICULTURE VS LSM VS JGOSPER Thursday, October 19 Western Front

There's a lot of irony going around those more cerebral communities of the music world. Much of it isn't intentional. For instance, Markus Popp AKA Oval has designed OvalProcess—a Tetraxis computer programme for creating abstract electronics from his raw materials. Although Popp feels that people shouldn't be "wildly interested" in the way he would like the outcome to sound, he has still released an album of the same name to showcase the system's potential. The irony is that the album has gained more attention than any Oval release in the last five years and, consequently, a lot of people are wildly interested in Popp's collages of digital detritus.

Certainly, enough people in Vancouver were interested in Ovalmusic to pack-out Popp's Western Front show. Prior to the Ovalperformance, a loose collective of local computer musicians built a chalky-textured wall of sound in front of some rather cheesy fractal projections. Luckily, Agriculture, Lsm and Jgospier had enough fascinating rumbles, clicks, and bleeps in their hard drives to keep the crowd's minds off the 1993-style rave visuals.

These visuals unfortunately remained for the Ovalset but musical intensity got cranked up several notches. Surprising an audience expecting something "intelligent" and "tasteful," Popp used his Mac laptop plus a couple of mixing boards to launch a scorched-earth noise assault. Where Agriculture and company created something impressively smooth and homogeneous, Popp showed us something striated and multi-layered.

Where the opening set was pleasingly contemporary, the Ovalperformance suggested a manic desire to keep moving forward.

Needless to say, this rather upset those who had come expecting to stroke their chins and not to feel the sensual force of blistering power electronics. These bores and crybabies must at least have been impressed by Popp's rapid-fire mixing virtuosity. At one point he even recreated a track from OvalProcess "note for note," so to speak. All of which raises some troubling questions about the rhetoric that Popp uses to promote his work. But why worry about that when you can just lie back and feel the noise!

Sam Macklin

ANDY STOCHANSKY DANNY MICHEL Thursday, October 26 The Railway Club

Danny Michel, a handsome Ottawa resident with celluloid-friendly looks and a pleasant demeanor, took the stage first and quickly earned the attention of many an intoxicated or chatty patron. Opening his set with "a song about the girl who broke into Brad Pitt's house," Michel charmed the audience immediately. He followed this gem with a song about his desire to be a souvenir for aliens upon their return from earth. The singer/songwriter, armed with only a modified Fender Telecaster and an army of effects pedals at his feet, chatted effortlessly with the crowd in-between songs, while wowing everyone with his captivating and powerful music during each number. Although I came to see Andy Stochansky, I was pleasantly surprised by Michel's performance and purchased a copy of his latest release

"Fisville," after the set.

Andy Stochansky took the stage soon after 11 pm. Accompanied by a keyboard/xylophone player, a guitarist, and a drummer, Stochansky sang, and surprisingly, played most of his set with an acoustic guitar in hand. Since this artist is famous for his prowess on the drums, I was curious to see how Stochansky would approach another instrument. Amazingly, the artist attacked the acoustic guitar with the same percussive energy as he attacks his dumbek. Stochansky played some songs off his latest release, *Radio Fusebox*, but in slightly different incarnations than on the album. I guess when you've been touring behind a release for a year, songs grow and change as you travel across the globe. The rest of his set consisted of new songs which had a more pop/rock infused feel, thus marking a change from his earlier folk/rock work. After finishing a captivating and well-balanced set, Stochansky returned for an encore which featured a new song I can only describe as a perfect channeling of the energy from Radiohead's *OK Computer*. This was an excellent show by two well matched artists with striking stage presence and musical prowess.

Lindsay Marsak

GODSPEED YOU BLACK EMPEROR! MECCA NORMAL Thursday, October 26 Vogue Theatre

It was like something lifted from *Godspeed You Black Emperor's* "Dead Flag Blues": "The street is pock-marked with beggars and stolen goods/Dejected youth wait in line for a body search from uniformed guards/They raise their arms in dumb compliance." Needless to say, Montreal's most committed rock revolutionaries were rather put out by the Vogue's heavy-handed door policy, not to mention the kids' automatic acceptance of it. Still, it seemed to spur the crusty nine-piece into an even more than usually apocalyptic display of instrumental rock dynamics.

There's always a lot of quiet before the storm with these folks. Whether it's coming from the long periods of quiet abstraction that presage

their insurrectionary battle marches or the high-quality but relatively lightweight support acts, anticipation always permeates Godspeed shows.

This particular evening began with a solo performance from Mecca Normal's Jean Smith. With the help of backing tapes, she recreated some of the spooky improvisations from her self-titled solo LP. It would have been frankly pointless to do this if the original material wasn't so formidable and challenging but... Smith was then joined on stage by her Mecca Normal partner to perform a few of their Patti Smith-meets-Johnny Marr songs. His breeziness and her intensity make a strange combination. It's one that never quite gels and yet one that most Vancouver indie types have probably grown used to by now.

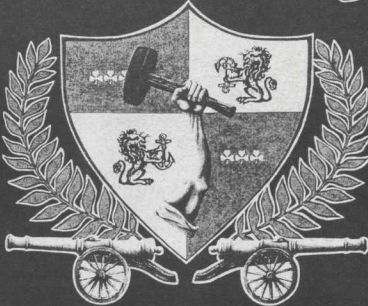
If they're blasé about the strangeness of Mecca Normal, some of them are downright glib about the greatness of Godspeed, who have become the left-field rock act, it's fashionable to offensively dis. In-the-know types always feel threatened by acts more concerned with warmth than cool. It's easy to ridicule a band who use rock to make big statements about the state of society/the human spirit, but infinitely more rewarding to die head first into their world of anger and empathy. Making this leap of faith isn't so hard because of the sheer bloody intensity that emerges with body-shattering force from the band's brilliantly compartmentalized collective playing. Maybe Godspeed's vision is melodramatic, simplistic and sentimental but nothing quite compares to the emotional impact of witnessing this rocket-fuelled music machine in full flight.

Sam Macklin

I suppose it is not surprising that *Godspeed You Black Emperor* have a song. What is surprising, though, is that it's very small, almost invisible amongst all of their other equipment. However, for the sake of artistic honesty, even integrity, it should be huge, even massive, and flaming. Maybe then Godspeed will admit and embrace that they are, basically, a fairly traditional and conventional progressive rock band. But I wonder how their fans might react? This is not meant to

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imply that Godspeed is musically bad, exactly, because they're not, they're just in need of some necessary self-clarification. Or perhaps they should change their name to Pink Floyd You King Crimson, or something, and not bother. This seems like a cheap shot, I realize, but I feel that it is fair and important to assess Godspeed's music according to the political persona they have adopted. This political persona cannot be examined independently from the form through which Godspeed is primarily active, namely, progressive rock. In any case, the tricky relationship between politics and art, for lack of a better word, is tough to reconcile, although many big brains have tried. For example, Bertolt Brecht felt that good political art should address audiences in a directly political manner, articulated through a complementary relationship between form and content. In effect, political messages should be fairly easy to discern, and the style of the artwork should be accessible and facilitate the delivery of such messages. He also felt that art should confront and challenge viewers, making it impossible to become passive or thoughtlessly obedient. Clearly, following Brecht's view at least, and I agree with it, the soporific instrumental rock operas that Godspeed produces need to work much harder to try and encourage the development of an active and radical political consciousness. There seems to be a pronounced contradiction between the notion of active and radical political engagement and Godspeed's longwinded and melodramatic repertoire. And the fact that Godspeed also often

believe that a thoroughgoing political engagement requires more than what Godspeed is currently providing. So, what's it going to be, revolution or progressive rock? Ultimately, and much more importantly, this same question also needs to be asked of their fans. And, by the way, although I don't enjoy everything they do, I believe Mecca Normal better understand what I'm talking about.

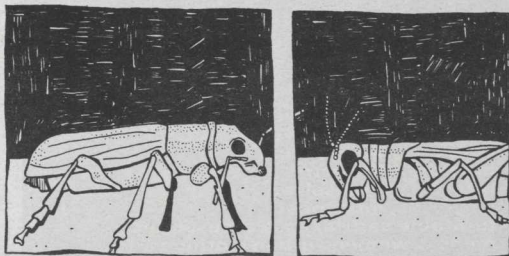
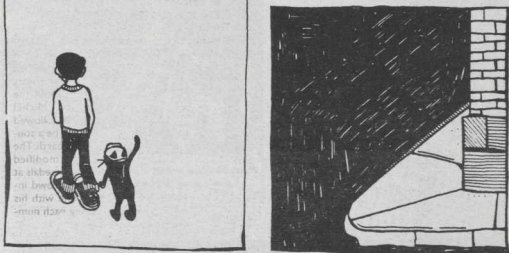
Kitty

DAVE HOLLAND Friday, October 27 Vogue Theatre

A trumpet, a saxophone, a vibraphone, a drum set, and of course, the star of the group, Dave Holland on an acoustic bass. I like jazz groups led by an instrument other than a member of the wind family—the winds always stand out a lot anyway, and the fact that the inspiration for these melodies comes from a bass is a welcome change. It makes the music very balanced.

The show was at the Vogue theatre, which surprisingly wasn't at all full. In contrast to many of the shows that I see, the crowd was older and way more serious. They clapped politely at the end of every song, but I could tell that they were really impressed. Most of the songs were from Dave Holland's most recent release with their current band, *Prime Directive*. The sounds ranged from full-contact explosion to softer melodies, but all of it was very effective. Most of the other musicians in the group also seemed especially

Kick around december 2000 © Scott Main



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godspeed
impress
and/or
disgust at
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by ann
goncalves.

makes claim to a punk past provides further irony here. After all, it was in part the turpidity and self-importance of progressive rock that inspired punk in the first place. To me, this ironic contradiction was vividly highlighted when the membership of Godspeed admonished their fans for passively submitting to a backpack search by the Vogue's security, and then sat down and played over two hours of same-sounding progressive rock, otherwise never directly addressing their fans again. Talk about passivity. This is not to say that Godspeed's show was bereft of all politically minded intentionality and content, however. I mean, I suppose there were projections of bleak buildings and lonely looking people to watch, as well as Godspeed's patented field-recordings of disgruntled people to listen to. But really, I'd argue that these freeze-dried gestures seem more to romanticize anomie and make fetishistic the alienation that can from come from abstract modern society than anything else. And, in fact, I'd also argue that the aestheticization of anomie and alienation into a mere lifestyle or style option is basically politically ineffectual, perhaps even politically dangerous, and not to mention totally opposite of what Godspeed supposedly otherwise stands for and promotes. Believe me, I'm trying to be fair. And in being fair, Godspeed demands this kind of response—these are the terms that they have established for themselves. I do applaud them for trying, and I encourage their continued effort, but I think that so far they are simply failing to live up to their promise and potential. Basically, if they want to be truly politically active, and to help make change and generate critical thought, then they need to put a little more effort into at least somehow taking advantage of their growing popularity as a useful platform. This doesn't automatically require making dull speeches or glorifying political austerity—this option is for the unimaginative more than the politically engaged. Yet I do

proficient, and the songs were played in such a way as to show off everyone's talents in turn. The only one who didn't seem to belong was the vibraphonist. I briefly toyed with, but then rejected, the idea that they had invited him just for the novelty of having a vibraphone. Who knows?

Miriam Torchinsky

THE CRAMPS LORDS OF ALTAMONT Sunday, November 5 Commodore Ballroom

Well I missed the *Lords Of Altamont*, who must have gone on pretty damn early cuz we got there at 10:00 PM and it was still a good half hour before our beloved Cramps hit the stage. The reports I got were "entertaining," "a good light show" and such, but for them to pull the same schtick that they used in the *Bomboras* (a couple of members from them) by lighting their instruments on fire could have been avoided. Anyhoo, I'll catch 'em next time.

With the buzz of biker-film soundtracks and the sights of too much PVC attacking my brain, our gruesome foursome emerged, strapped it on, and let loose. Opting to open with a couple of covers, it didn't appear that Lux and the gang really had it in them from the start, but that changed quickly with the charge of "Cramp Stomp," and the crowd did just that. Sticking to a lot of the classics is what did it for me, and seeing Lux go off announcing select songs as "our favourite sport" and then bashing the mic on his head or the floor or guitarist Poison Ivy was demented. Speaking of Ivy, from my vantage point, respondent in glitter and flaming black vinyl pants, she seemed to maintain a distance from the crowd and the rest of the group, but she knocked out some excellent riffs. So did her counterpart on the opposite side of the stage, the "Lou Reed circa '78" bassist Sugarpie Jones—who had a few cool moves of his

own, including the flip around the waist guitar and the fuzz-drenched solo during "TV Set" where he played the bass upside down on his neck rather than the body. Drummer Harry Drumdini kept the jungle beat booming, and definitely got a workout during the encore. By "Can Your Pussy Do The Dog?" it was clear to us all that Lux was going down in a blaze of glory, while squeezing himself into (possibly an audience member's?) a pair of silky red underwear, and trying to destroy every single mic stand that got in his way. Fine by me—I went home a happy camper.

Bryce Dunn

THE SEA AND CAKE VERSUS TOWN AND COUNTRY Thursday, November 2

Richard's on Richards
In 1998, according to *Guitar World* readers, number eight of the greatest solos of all time was played by Don Felder and Joe Walsh in "Hotel California." Felder says he came up with the solo while "soaking wet in a bathing suit, sitting on the couch, thinking the worked is a wonderful place to be." In the same survey, the 31st greatest solo of all time is **Ted Nugent's** in "Stranglehold." Number 77 is **Jerry Cantrell's** in some stupid **Alice in Chains** song, and number 97 is **Billy Corgan's** in "Cherry Rock." Excuse me, Where is "The Fire?" Where the hell is "Grotto of Miracles?"

Right. The Sea and Cake. Versus was better. Town and Country was worse. The pale-faced crowd felt warm and loved in their fuzzy cardigans. They gazed at the effeminate beauty of Prekop and Prewitt caressing their guitars. I can't recall there being a solo at any time.

Christa Min

THEIEVY CORPORATION

**Friday, November 10
Commodore Ballroom**
Rob Garza and Eric Hilton of the Theievy Corporation entered the stage at the Commodore in front of a backdrop of weird '60s

film clips of Japanese gangsters, the movie *Baraka*, all interspersed with clips of themselves dressed as spies in an airport. They hung out at the back of the stage, looking serious behind lots of equipment: turntables, DAT machines, the works. The first few tracks they played had a slow, hit-you-in-the-tummy sort of beat, and they were joined at the front of the stage by two female singers with breathy, strong voices, and an ace percussionist. I debated with some friends regarding whether or not the singers were lip-synching, but we were unable to come to a definitive conclusion on that front. I still think that they were.

The second part of the show was more fun. The walfish female singers were replaced by dreadlocked rastafarians with smooth lyrics, low **Rockers** Hi-Fi-type voices, and a major stage presence. They got everybody dancing, and the Commodore was full.

Theievy Corporation played a good mix of tracks from their older albums as well as the popular newest one, *The Mirror Conspiracy*. Notable was their kicking ending track from their DJ Kicks album. Although some people may have disliked the fact they were subdued and refused to interact with the audience, I thought that their performance fit perfectly with their subversive spy



"the effeminate beauty of prekop and prewitt caressing their guitars." (the sea and cake vs richards) photo by ann goncalves.

personas.
Miriam Torchinsky

NO USE FOR A NAME

**PULLY
ONE MAN ARMY
BABBLEFISH
Sunday, November 12
Grandview Legion**

This show rocked! The venue size was perfect for the four bands that played Sunday of the Remembrance Day long weekend.

First up was **Babblefish**, a local band getting some exposure. They were really trying to bring the crowd together and to hype them up for the upcoming bands. They played a short set that consisted of a variety of songs from rock to ska and even some **Backstreet Boys**.

The second band, **One Man Army**, was better. They were from San Francisco and played a short set.

Pully was really good. By the time they hit the stage, the auditorium was pretty full. They really got people moving, and the mosh pit only got bigger and crazier. Maybe it's because they played a full stage. Five members = super sound.

No Use For A Name just blew the roof off. They were singing along all day. You could tell the band was having a good time because they had the crowd in the palm of their hands. I was surprised that it was 7:30 when they wrapped it up. Perfect time to go out for dinner and talk about the concert. It was a great evening of great music.

Jasmine Ladaucet

THE ELEMENTS TOUR:

**SOULS OF MISCHIEF
X-ECUTIONERS
BUKOE-ONE
Sunday, November 12**

Sonar really rocked Sunday. The Elements tour, featuring headliners **Souls of Mischief** and the **X-Executioners**, drew in a full house on the Sunday of the Remembrance Day weekend. For some, this was an opportunity to check out one of the components of the Hieroglyphics family and some profound turntable musicians. For others, it was stuff they've already seen before. I'm not saying that these people did-

n't enjoy Souls performing. "That's When You Lost" or "Never No More," but the only song they didn't hear Souls perform was "Last Night," a single from their new album, *Trilogy*. As for the **X-Executioners**, it was all stuff they performed last time they were in Vancouver, but that doesn't make them any less entertaining or skilled. Just ask any of the hip hop-starved kids in the audience. I lost count of the times Mista Sinista licked his hands before touching the tables. I guess what impressed me most were the first two opening MCs, not only because I haven't seen them perform before, but also because they had skills. The first MC hyped the crowd and had them pledging their love of hip hop. He was extremely clever and had good flow. I especially liked his last piece, where he discussed how being an MC may not be exactly the most understood and accepted profession and why he does it. Another track that stood out was the one where he rhymed over an old-school Nintendo beat—**Zelda** is always good.

Bukoe-One had the crowd rocking to his "Cheese and Butter" joint and also proved to be quite the clever MC. Amongst the pushing and shoving the **X-Executioners** were not only content to carry over but also to heighten the energy created by the opening MCs. They were followed by **Souls of Mischief** who knew how to "rock it like that." Note to all Hiero fans: bring more weed, and don't pass the Souls roaches—I know you like them better than that.

Jon-9

VEAL NEW PORNOGRAPHERS Friday, November 17 Starfish Room

The **New Pornographers** show was without a doubt the most enjoyable concert I have been to this year. I'd heard them before, and I liked them, but at the risk of sounding cliché, the concert made me a fan. The army of Pornographers crammed together on the tiny Starfish stage was in itself a sight to behold, but if that isn't good enough for you, how about **Neko Case** shakin' her rad self and wailing like there ain't no tomorrow?

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row! I'm sure I caught a glimpse of her tonsils at least once while she doused us with her torrentially powerful voice. Or, she would have, had the mic levels been sufficient for the appreciative audience to HEAR what she, Carl Newman, and the rest of the band were singing. (Sound people, I axe you, who the heck told you that an audience should only hear guitars and drums?!) The rest of the band were as amusing as Queen Neko.

At least one member of **Limblifter** attends every concert I go to, so I suppose it was fitting that this time he was actually in the band. On the skins Kurt Dahle was endlessly entertaining. His facial expressions and contortions were priceless, and I think he even smacked a roadie or two in the butt with a stick mid-song without missing a beat. Not to mention that he smashed the shit out of the drums.

The band played each and every fantastic song (credit Carl Newman and Dan Bejar) from their brand spanking new album, *Miss Romantic*, the highlight of which, of course, was the ever popular "Lester From An Occupant," and all of this good stuff still wasn't enough for the crowd. How many opening bands do YOU know of who get to respond to a vehemently demanded encore? The Pornographers played well, sang the harmonies accurately (from what we could hear of them), and were friendly to the spazzy crowd who just couldn't help rocking out. My only criticism—and no offense is—"What's up with Venus?" Shouldn't the tambourine player have a sense of rhythm? Sorry, I had to mention it. It was really the only musical problem.

My apologies to **Veal**, the headliner. I had a violent headache and really had to leave early, but I don't feel like I missed a full show because The New Pornographers are headliners unto themselves. Why do we let bad bands exist when we could just listen to The New Pornographers play ALL the time!

also

JELLO BIAFRA

Norm Theatre
Tuesday, November 28

Jello Biafra just spoke for five and a half hours. I am writing late at night, exhausted but wired. I feel like an ungrateful McDaniel's windows while reciting lines from Che Guevara's diary, and I'm not saying this to be facetious. Biafra was fucking off the hook in so many words, he outlined everything that is fucking wrong on this planet, our personal responsibility to it, and then a cautious blueprint, an incitement for revolution. Biafra started at 8 PM, after the sold-out crowd, ranging from old punks to young punks to ex-punks to philosophy professors to CITR-types to hackers, general riff-raff, a few lost and confused souls, and some hippies filled into the stuffy Norm in the basement of the SUB at UBC. Biafra came on stage, in trenchcoat and sunglasses, reading his infamous "Martial Law" piece, with some Canadian modifications—such as (paraphrase) "everyone will be required to own a velvet painting of Stockwell Day." This set the tone for the rest of the evening—Biafra knows more about Canadian politics and our relation to NAFTA, the WTO, Monsanto Frankenfoods, the working of the Religious Right than "Doris" himself. Humour captured the night, with spontaneous cheers, applause, and comments yelled out—people only left to catch necessary buses as the night wore on. We were here for the long haul, and so was Biafra. People paid good money to see Biafra speak, and it's always a dilemma when a radical charges cold cash to hear them. But when that person speaks for five and a half hours, where by the third hour anyone could have just walked in for free anyways, there was a real sense of really getting something out of "Biafra." (Pop quiz: how many of you know what "Biafra" means? "Is" is the right answer: it's a small area of Africa where the loo people tried to gain independence. The US and UK, among others, didn't like this and so shut off the area's food supply. Genocide by starvation. I didn't know this before.)

The only two points where Biafra choked—and I don't mean choked as in got fuddled in his speech, as Jello could out-talk and out-wit damn near anyone—was when discussing the backstabbing manoeuvres of his ex-bandmates and the friends he has lost from drugs. These things have hurt him. Badly. But one gets the feeling that it is the strength he draws from speaking, from stepping out of his "nerdy, unsocial" personality into a public arena where what can be described as community occurs that keeps him critiquing, criticizing, thinking, refusing to shut the fuck up, to be a good consumer, despite the best attempts of Tipper Gore et al. It was more of a teach-in than anything, an inspiration, a questioning, a reality-check. Biafra's ideas are not populist anarcho-enviro-tripe either. Fundamentalism for him is out—there is no utopian vision here. There's pragmatism that questions the "practical," the "pragmatic." He describes being radical (well, "normal" really) like a pendulum needle that springs back the other way when pulled too hard to one side—hence today's SUV-yuppies that were yesterday's hippies. So the blueprint is setting yourself in a radical state without going so far that your expectations are unlivable and unrealistic. It's a difficult stance. It's one pursued by academics such as Derrida and Spinoza, hearing it from Biafra was refreshing, like getting slapped in the face, but a good slap, one that says wake the fuck up, stop watching fucking TV, this shit is going down. Because it will go down—Biafra thinks so in our own lifetimes. "Are we ready for it?" he asks. No, is the answer. There is much work to be done—what can you do to contribute? Start here: <http://www.vancouver.indymedia.org>.

Tobias v

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25 DISORDER

Pacific Pickin'
Tuesdays 6:30-8:00 AM

Larry Cordle and Lonesome Standard Time
Dave Evans
Tammy Fassart
Jones and Leva
Lonesome River Band
Ronnie McCoury
Sheep River Rounder
Larry Sparks
Jody Stecher and Kate Brislin
Illrid Tyme Out

Thunderbird Radio Hell
Thursdays 9:00-11:00 PM

Top Ten Local Live Shows:
Arthur Ellis 2000 @ the Brickyard and you missed it!
Capozzi Park @ Ms. T's the night they played all the old hits including a Good Horse song
The Silent Treatment at the Brickyard on a Monday night to 10 people
Lavish @ the Railway Club
Young and Sexy @ the Sugar Refinery
The Evaporators @ the Java Joint made me feel great: to see them back
Rody Fraser otherwise known as Vee Coosha @ Ms. T's the night they kicked him off stage
Radiogram CD release @ the Railway Club
The Smugglers @ the Espy in Melbourne playing like five desperate men
Gord Schmidt and the Timid Helper on Thunderbird Radio Hell
The Ewoks fighting on stage @ Thunderbird Radio CD release party

Folk Oasis
Wednesdays 9:30-11:00 PM

10 grooviest local roots releases of 2000
Be Good Tanyas
Zubot and Dawson
Bocephus King and the Rigalattos
Bob Kemmis
John and Michele Law
JT King
Radiogram
Floghouse Jr.
John Ford
Tom Lands and the Paperboys

10,000 Voices
Tuesdays 5:00-6:00 PM

Memoirs of a Dragon Enter by Jen Lam (poetry)
Turt by Bonnie Day Press (zine)
White Teeth by Zadie Smith (novel)
We Want Some Too by Hal Niedzviecki (non-fiction)
Bust (magazine)
Snatch by Judy McInnes Jr (poetry)
Adbusters (magazine)
sub-TERRAIN (literary magazine)
Broken Pencil (magazine)
Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire (children's novel)

Motordaddy
Wednesdays 3:00-5:00 PM

The Silencers
The Demonic
Davie Allan

Cycle-Rific Sounds
"She-devil on Wheels"
Live Run

Replica Reject
alt. Wednesdays 7:30-9:00 PM

Oxtant
Sleater-Kinney
Tracy and the Plastics
The old guy who sings Elvis outside my neighborhood liquor store
Death Cab for Cutie
VIA
The Need
Holy Golightly
The Transfused
Tami Heart

Car Alarms and Cigarettes
All Hands on the Bad One
Lesbo for Disco and VHS Ready
We Have the Facts and We're Voting Yes
New Wave Explosion
The Need is Dead
God Don't Lie It
Live @ the Capitol Theater
No Light in August

"Steve"'s Official Best of 2000 List
All hours of the night

American Steel
The Fuses
Leatherface
Black Cat Music
Dillinger Four
Tulsi
Neko Case
Screaming Weasel
Servo

Live @ the Brickyard
Are Les
Horsebox
All We'll Ever Be is All Alone
Vs God
Rock Star Potential
Live @ Richards
Teen Punks in Heat
Now We are Six

Dandy Warhols
The Makers
Murder City Devils
The Briefs
The Peeps
Radiohead
The Dwarves
The Nasty No
Various Artists
Shaking hands with Bo Diddley at the Commodore

Crafted In The Red
Fridays 8:00-10:00 AM

13 Tales From Urban Bohemia
Rock Star God
In Name and Blood
Poor and Weird
S/T
Kid A
Come Clean
S/T
Fistful Of Rock and Roll series LP's

The Shake
Wednesdays 1:00-2:00 PM

Shellac
US Maple
N/A
N/A
N/A
N/A
N/A
N/A
N/A
N/A

1000 Hurts
Talker
Dilated Peoples
De La Soul
Common
Jurassic 5
Tony Touch
Masta Ace and Guru
Herbaliser w/ Lazlo
Reflection Eternal
Moka Only
Cocia Brovaz

These Are the Breaks
Fridays Noon-2:00 PM

The Platform
Art Official Intelligence
Water for Chocolate
Quality Control
Piece Maker 12"
Conflict
81st Agenda
Human Element
Live from Rio
Super Brooklyn

Steve and Mike

Thursdays 1:00-2:00 PM

Ignite
Sick of it All
AFI
98 Mute
Vision
At the Drive In
Downset
Union 13
Another Joe
Ensign
A Place Called Home
Yours Truly
The Art of Drowning
Slow Motion Riot
Watching the Word Burn
Relationship of Command
Check Your People
Youth Betrayal and Awakening
Plastic Scene
For What It's Worth

Onomatopoeia
Thursdays, 2:00-3:00 PM

Top 10 Local Cartoonists

Vinegar
Clip and Save
Superstar
Stay as You Are
Desant
The Kickaround (in DISCORD!)
Tart Gallery
Substance Effect Volume 2
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Antenna Head

African Rhythms
Fridays 6:00-9:00 PM

Hill St Soul
D'Angelo
Jill Scott
VIA
VIA
St. Germain
Incognito
New Sector Movement
Rachelle Ferrell
Les Nubians
Soul Organic
Who is Jill Scott
Good Times
Jazz Bizniz
Rose Rouge
"Marakesh"
"Futuristic Dancer"
Individually
"Sweetest Taboo" (Roots re-mix)

Grey Area
Kid Dynamite
Horace Pinker
ALL
Consumed
Jazzwalkers
NOFX
Avail
Ignite
Bad Religion
Fankelt Algebra
Shorter, Faster, Louder
Copper Regret
Problematic
Hit For Six
Sweet Zombie Jesus it's the Jizzwalkers
Pump Up the Volume
One Wrench
A Place Called Home
The New America

Radio Free Press
Wednesdays 2:00-3:00 PM

Sam Macklin's Top 10 LPs

The Fall
The Third Eye Foundation
Soul
New Pornographers
Infesticons
Chicks on Speed
Anti-Pop Consortium
Chris T-T
Oval
Joan of Arc
The Unutterable
Little Lost Soul
Bottle of Humans
Mass Romantic
Gun Hill Road
The Re-releases of the Unreleases
Tragic Epilogue
Panic Attack in Sainsburys
Ovalprocess
The Gap

Soulstah Radio
Saturdays Noon-1:00 PM

VIA
DJ Freedo
Sizzla
Jah Mali
Capleton
VIA
The Herbalizer Band
State of Bengal
Smith and Mighty
VIA
Select Cuts from Blood and Fire
Metro Breaks/XT Level
Baba Ahamdi
"Lon-Long Time" 7"
More Fire
Feel Like Jumping: The Best of Studio One Women
Session One
Visual Audio
Bass is Maternal (re-issue)
Strictly the Best Volume 26

Rachel's Song
Wednesdays 5:00-7:00PM

Brewster Kneen
Jeanette Wintersson
Aldous Huxley
Underworld
Vandana Shiva
Noam Chomsky
Tanya Bernard and Sarah Kramer
Circling Dawn
West End Farmers Market
Jennifer Abbott

Farmageddon
World and other places
Island
Live
Stolen Harvest
The New Military Humanists
How it All Vegan
A Cow at My Table

Parts Unknown
Mondays 3:00-3:00 PM

Medski Martin and Wood
Tristan Plonick
Of Montreal
Essex Green
Sleater-Kinney
VIA Powerpuff Girls Soundtrack
Broadcast
Parker Paul
Rhume

The Dropper
Mind the Gap
The Singles and Singles Album
Everything is Green
All Hands on the Bad One
Heroes and Villains
Music Made by People
Lemon Lime Room
Snack of Choice

Anoize
Wednesdays, Noon-1:00PM

Top Ten Things Luke Meat Does on His Day Off

Masturbate
See how many beers I can drink in a day
without going to the bathroom
Air guitar to Bee Thousand by Guided By Voices
Listen to this week's edition of "A Noize"
Masturbate again
Watch Coronation Street
Re-read Star Trek: Memories by William Shatner
Feed my goldfish
Weep uncontrollably
Realize I could still be living in Red Deer, AB
therefore life doesn't suck that much

Radio Free Press
Wednesdays 2:00-3:00 PM

Bleek's Top Ten LPs

The Faint
Scarlet's Well
Chicks on Speed
Yo La Tengo
Enon
VIA
310
Peaches
DJ Food
I Am Spoonbender

Blank Wave Arcade
The Isle of the Blue Flowers
Re-release of the Unreleased
And Then Nothing Turned Itself Inside-Out
Believe
Songs for the Jet Set 2000
The Dirty Rape
Teaches of Peaches
Kalidescope
Teletwin

Earwarx
Saturdays, 1:00-4:00 AM

Jordana presents I.8.7
JR Ewing
Goolies
Matix, Ed Rush, MC Ryme Tyme
Local Queercore Zines
Shormaker
VIA
LTJ Bukem
Digital Hardcore Recordings (DHR)
Mount Florida

The Cities Collection
Calling in Dead
Goolies
Virus 2000 Tour @ Commodore
The Complete Discography
Through Our Eyes
Journey Inwards
Stealth, Storm, and Strut EPs

Breakfast With the Browns
Mondays 8:00-11:00 AM

St. Germain
Stereophonic Space Sounds
Godspeed you Black Emperor
Anon Tobin
Kitty Craft
Senor Coconut
Various
Tarwater
Stereolab
Einstürzende Neubauten

Touist
The Spacessound Effect
Lift Your Skinny Fats...
Supermollified
Catskills
El Baile Aleman
Songs For The Jet Set 2000
Animals, Suns & Atoms
Lost of the Microbe Hunters
Silence is Sexy

The Morning After Show
Fridays 2:00-6:00AM

Rage Against the Machine
Incubus
God Awakens Petrified
Defones
Joel
Gladys Patches
Vitamin Voodoo
Bad Religion
Flashing Lights
Queens of the Stone Age

Battle
Make Yourself
Self Title
White Pony
Trains are Fast, Start Running
Novely
Gesho
The New America
Where the Change is
R

Psychedelic Airwaves
Mondays 3:00-6:00AM

Arcadia and GMS
Double Dragons
Space Cat
Juno Reactor
Visionary
CRMB
Man with No Name
Prex
Orion
Trickster

"Minus 1"
"Black Project"
"C4"
"Nitrogen Pt 2"
"Glass"
"Wonders"
"Teleport" (Re-mix)
"RFT"
"Rehab"
"Turquoise Mood"

The Northern Wish
Wednesdays 10:00-Noon

Sustainer
This Day Won't Last At All
Left and Leaving
Mass Romantic
The Good Jacket Presents: Vancouver Special
Fibsville
Carpal Tunnel Syndrome
Banff Springs, Transylvania
Woodland
No One

Staring
Plumtree
The Weakerthans
The New Pornographers
VIA
Danny Michel
Kid Koala
John Southworth
Flop House Jr.
NoMeansNo

Contemporary
Tuesdays 1:00-2:00PM

Joel RL Phelps and the Downer Trio
Shellac
Masada
Marc Ribot Y Los Cubanitos Postizos
Dave Carnie
Silkworm
Trail Vs. Russia
The Stranger
McSweeney's
Beans

Inland Empires
1000 Hurts
Live
Live
The best writer in the free world
Lifestyle
Live
Despite the shitty bands they like
Hoooonooooo!
Tired Snow

The Ether Table
Thursdays 1:00-1:30 am

The Need Is Dead
I Have A Special Plan for this World
Revolver II
The One Burned Mo
A Spectrum of Infinite Scale
IV
A Perfect Mystery
Going back to eating meat like a fucking hypocrite and loving every second of it

Ska-T's Scenic Drive
Fridays 10:00-Noon

Plan of Action
6 Songs
Push and Shove
Come With Us
Live @ Ernestos

Chris Murray
Hepcat
Peacocks
Slackers

Top Five Singles
Easy Big Fella
Delroy's
Slackers
Kingspins
Chris Murray

"Planet-Schmanet-Janet"
"Can We Do the Ska"
"Dave's Friend"
"Supernova"
"Let There Be Peace"

By the Way
Alternating Mondays 7:30-9:00PM

Arab Strap
Kitty-Yo
Mouse on Mars
Mitsou records from Port Moody (or Ebay)
James Kochalka
Tigerbeat6
Soccer and Basketball
That funny naked Hefner video
Tony Millionaire
Dance Dance Revolution

Live in NYC
Jeans Team, Peaches, Gonzales...
Live @ Interactive Cool Mines
Kid606's label
"Dave's Friend"

The Chill-Out Room
Sundays 12:30-2:00AM

"Future is Now" (Hardrill Mix)
"The Vision"
"Airtight"
"The Generator"
"Scream"
"Isk's Life Wonderful"
"French Kiss" (DJ Scat Mix)
"Lift Off" (100 Flemming Mix)
"The Big Bang" (VAG Mix)
"The Love I Lost"

DJ Scot Project
Mario Piu
Max Graham
Parker and Cind
Arcane
Alex D'Alia
Nightclub
Olemed Heads
DJ Wag
Quadron

St Tropez
Alternating Sundays 5:00-6:00PM

Sssound of Mmmusic
Commodore Rock
Ceux Qui Ont Cœur/Les James Dean
Verigo
Kiss in the Furhouse
Genius of Bertrand Burgolt
You Will Have Your Revenge
Sound of Water
Swinging Mademoiselles
The Noise That People Make

Broadcast
Berrrand Burgalat
Ladytron
Petula Clark (re-issue)
Cinnamon
Louis Philippe
VIA
Bakendale
Saint Etienne
VIA
Broadcast

CiTR's Top 10s of 2000!

Illustrations by Yukie Kawabe

Third Time's The Charm
Tuesdays 9:30-11:30 AM

Les Sauterelles
The Hives
Scared Of Chaka
Buffy The Vampire Slayer
The Creed at Singles Going Steady!
International Noise Conspiracy
The Makers
The Briefs
The Peepshows
The White Stripes

Live in The Bed! LP and live
Veni Vendi Vicius
Live @ Gibson's in Seattle, WA.
Live @ Starfish
Rock Star God and live
anything recorded and live
Meet The...?
Hello Operator ?

Christa's
Top 10 Sound Atrocities

The way the drums were recorded on
Black Sabbath's Paranoid
All the cheap ass SST vinyl re-issues
Everything mixed and recorded by Calvin Johnson
The Brickyard
Peavy Amps
The Commodore
Tambourines
Wah-wah pedals
"Boom boxes"; "Ghetto Blasters"
Multiple tracked vocals à la Elliott Smith, Edith
Frost, or anyone else equally annoying.

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	JAZZ SHOW	
6AM					FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM			Dec. 18: The classic Christmas Eve session with Miles Davis (trumpet), Thelonious Monk (piano), Milt Jackson (vibes), Percy Heath (bass), and Kenny Clarke (drums). One of the best-loved all-star dates. Dec. 25: Gavin splits and Santa arrives. All the best and see you next year. Jan. 1: Starting the new year right, a hard-driving date with Mingus' favourite tenor saxophonist, Booker Ervin with trumpeter Woody Shaw and piano giant Kenny Burrell. Jan. 8: The Soulful Piano of Junior Mance: the title says it all at this great trio album. Jan. 15: Celebrating the 73rd anniversary of one of the most famous events in jazz history, the 1938 Carnegie Hall concert with Benny Goodman's band, trio, and quartet and legendary bassist. A special extended feature. Jan. 22: A jazz Portrait of Charlie Mariano. The powerful alto saxophonist with a big band, with strings, and with a host of quintets. Jan. 29: The only album by pianist/composer Horace Silver not yet on CD. The Stylings of Silver. With trumpeter Art Farmer and tenor heavy Hank Mobley.	
7	REGGAE LINKUP	SALARIO MINIMO Spanish rock, ska, techno and alternative music—porque no todo en esta vida es "talla".	PACIFIC PICKIN'	FILL-IN	THE MEZZANINE FLOOR	FILL-IN	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW		
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE A perfect blend of the sub-line and absurd, with your refined and exotic hosts Jack Velve and Carmen Ghia.		CAUGHT IN THE RED Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.	THE SATURDAY EDGE Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways. 8-9PM: African World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.		
9	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight. Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown, plus special instrumental, trance, lounge, and ambience.	WORLD HEAT	FOOL'S PARADISE Japanese music and talk.	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE E-mail requests to djska_t@hotmail.com .			
10		THE CUTE 'N' CUDDLY SHOW (2 hours of non-stop children's music) alt. GIRLFOOD	THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM Put your hands together for the rock 'n' roll 'n' Put your hands together for the rock 'n' roll 'n' Let's go!	THE NORTHERN WISH Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.	THE ETHER TABLE No rock, no talk; just pure crap.	THESE ARE THE BREAKS DJ Spide and AJ Stack bring you a flipped up, freaked out, full-on, fun-filled, sample heavy beat-tap, focusing on anything with breakbeats.			
11	ROCKERS SHOW Reggae inna all styles and fashion.	PARTS UNKNOWN Underground pop for the misanthrope with the occasional interview with your host Chris.	BLUE MONDAY Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-ecore-goth program. Music to schmoop to hosted by Geron. alt. ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES	ANOIZE	CANADIAN LUNCH From Tuluino to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!	HIGH ON GRASS	SOULSISTAH RADIO	POWERCHORD Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.	
12PM		STAND AND BE CUNTED alt. BLACK NOISE	CONTEMPORARY MUSIC and poetry for jazzies.	THE SHAKE RADIO FREE PRESS Zines are dead! Long live the sing show! Set it and break it: present the underground press with articles from zines from around the world.	STEVE & MIKE Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to n' baby (hardcore).	NARROWJAW PRESENTS Please keep on ravin in the free world and have a good breakfast. Roc on, Hardwear and Cleopatra Von Fullenstein.	LUCKY SCRATCH From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues and blues roots with your hosts Jim and Paul.		
1	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE Real-cowhit-caught-in-yeen boots country.	EVIL VS. GOOD Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.	PROM QUEEN alt. ELECTRIC AVENUES	MOTORDADDY "Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat!"	RHYMES & REASONS				
2		WEN'S BARBEQUE Join the sports department to hang out with Wen: the Freight Train and the 24 Karat Goldman.	THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN	RACHEL'S SONG Health and the environment, compassion and sustainability.	LEGALLY HIP REELS TO REAL PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY	NOOZE & ARTS	HEARSAY		
3	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING Break pop music from 60s to 90s. alt. SAINT TROPEZ (International pop hits conditions and lounge. Rock your pop and lounge time).	SOUPE DU JOUR Feeling a little French-impaired? Francophone music from around the globe. Join Celtic Dinos alt. RELATIONSHIP SHOW	FLEX YOUR HEAD Hardcore and punk rock since 1989.	POP GOES THE WEASEL	OUT FOR KICKS No Birtensocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.	FAIR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. AFRICAN RHYTHMS David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.			
4	QUEER FM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.	PIRATE RADIO (formerly "Low Sucks", now at a new time alt. BY THE WAY) "Don't know what I am up to any more, I play too old of old German electronic, some F's, and demos, etc."	RADIO ELLINKATHIKO Greek radio.	AND SOMETHING WHY alt. REPLICA (Reject independent and innovative music and noise from an ex-host of Love Two Stars).	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR Roots of rock 'n' roll.		SYNAPTIC SANDWICH		
5	HELLO INDIA	THE JAZZ SHOW Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-versatile Gavin Walker. Features at 11: see panel at right.	A WALKABOUT THE WORLD	FOLK OASIS Roots music for folks and non-folks: bluegrass, singer-songwriters, world-beats, alt. country, polka and more. Not a Mirage!	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL Local muzak from 9-11. Live bandz from 10-11.	HOMEBOSS Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.			
6	GEETANJALI —wide range of music including classical, music, Hindustani and Carnatic, music from Indian movies, Ghazals, Bhangras and Qawwalis, etc.	VENGEANCE IS MINE! Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Chris.	VENUS FLYTRAP alt. SOULSONIC WANDERLUST Phat player: slim chatter.	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR Let DJ Jindha and Bindra immerse you in radioactive Bhungari "Chakki de phat".	HIGHBRED VOICES	URBAN MUSIC STYLE alt. BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD	SOUL TREE From doowop to hip hop, from the electric to the electric, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.	PIPEDREAMS	
7	THE SHOW Strictly Hip-Hop—Strictly Underground—Strictly Vinyl. With your hosts Mr. Rumble, Seamus, and J. Swing on the 1 & 2s.		AURAL TENTACLES Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, and unusual rock.	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident haitch with guest DJs and performers. http://plutonia.org	THE MORNING AFTER SHOW	TABLETURNZ alt. EARWAX "No! terror mindfuck hardcore like punk! beat drop! headz rock! inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needles on waxing chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out—Guy Smiley		
8	CHILL-OUT ROOM Time to wind down! Lay back in the chill-out room. Trance, house, and special guest DJ with hosts Dieter and Nasty.								
9	FILL IN	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES	FILL IN	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM					
10									
11									
12AM									

charts

what's being played on citr 101.9fm

How The Charts Work

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CITR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (ie, "Jancember" charts reflect airplay over November).

Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts".

Jancember Long Vinyl

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|------------------|
| 1 new pornographers | mass romantic | mint |
| 2 godspeed you black... | lift yr skinny fists... | kranky |
| 3 talib kweli & hi-tek | train of thought | rawkus |
| 4 state of bengal | visual audio | six degrees |
| 5 delltron 3030 | delltron 3030 | 75 ark |
| 6 bratmobile | ladies, women and girls | lookout! |
| 7 ron1 size | in the mode | mercury |
| 8 mr. dibbs | primitive tracks | cease and desist |
| 9 elevator | a taste of complete perspective | teenage usa |
| 10 radiohead | kid a | capitol |
| 11 pj harvey | songs from the city, songs from... | island |
| 12 sigur ros | agaetis byrjun | fat cat |
| 13 medeski, martin and wood | the dropper | blue note |
| 14 various artists | xen cuts | ninja tune |
| 15 joel | trains are fast, start running | independent |
| 16 peaches | the teaches of peaches | kitty-yo |
| 17 pizzicato five | the fifth release from matador | matador |
| 18 coco | coco | k |
| 19 nasty on | lester bangs | stutter |
| 20 black eyed peas | bridging the gap | interscope |
| 21 frankie sparo | my red scare | constellation |
| 22 sad rockets | transition | matador |
| 23 ashley park | town and country | kindercore |
| 24 chicks on speed | the rerelease of the unreleases | k |
| 25 vancouver nights | vancouver nights | endearing |
| 26 deathcab for cutie | forbidden love | barsuk |
| 27 trisista | dream signals in full circles | tiger style |
| 28 sea and cake | oul | thrill jockey |
| 29 shotmaker | the complete discography | troubleman |
| 30 songs:ohia | ghost tropic | sec. canadian |
| 31 johnny cash | american III: solitary man | columbia |
| 32 com sisters | the other women | mint |
| 33 karate | unsolved | southern |
| 34 kiltycraft | cat skills | march |
| 35 infima | no lullaby for sleep | zum |

Jancember Short Vinyl

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 black halos/tuuli | christmas split | stfri |
| 2 various artists | it's a team mint xmas vol. 1! | mint |
| 3 abbc | elevator baby b/w outer battery | wabana |
| 4 rift randells | s/t | mint |
| 5 bum/pingu | magic teeth presents... | magic teeth |
| 6 paperbacks/projektor | split | endearing |
| 7 rainer maria | hell and high water | polyvinyl |
| 8 trisista | are we people | tiger style |
| 9 anniversary/hot rod circuit | split | vagrant |
| 10 cex | get your badass on | 555 |
| 11 big john bates | vibro psychotic | nearly nude |
| 12 shut ups | haul off and smack your ass | junk |
| 13 peeps | s/t | stfri |
| 14 radio berlin | heart of industry | reassemblage |
| 15 to rococo rot | smaller listening | city slang |
| 16 frumpies | frumpies forever | kill rock stars |
| 17 international strike force | treat yourself | slampt |
| 18 salteens | tomorrow b/w motor away | endearing |
| 19 dear nora | dreaming out loud | magic marker |
| 20 milky wimpshake | dialling tone | feric mordant |

Jancember Indie Home Jobs

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 lollies | found myself at the supermarket |
| 2 panty boy | sea hag |
| 3 cinch | such a scream |
| 4 amarillo stars | el paso |
| 5 nicely nicely | it's me, not yours |
| 6 victory gin | tired |
| 7 seana and splatter bends | travelogue 10.97 |
| 8 spinoffs | don't stalk my sister |
| 9 tennessee twin | oh darkness |
| 10 sleepy junes | everyday |
| 11 uneven steps | postcard from the depths of shame |
| 12 cardinals | walk, don't run |
| 13 coupon | velcro shoes |
| 14 fanfare | the heathens are happier |
| 15 bel rise | the notion |
| 16 jay a. beck | ophelia |
| 17 heafscores | run santa run |
| 18 squares elite | around the capital |
| 19 join | newsman |
| 20 featherweight | north |

what we listened to during this hectic month*

the chills • lout • blonde redhead • v/a camp skin graft • mountain goats • amour violent • peaches • cex • the fucking champs • flossing in public • built to spill • body lovers • jesus and mary chain • smart went crazy • aubergine • us maple • the secret tapes • feathered bangs • photography • christ air • chinese flu • the dink burns • nat-acha atas • castration anxiety • calculator • ces lunettes sont brisées • bus schedule • turing machine • red pants hysteria • 52ac • electrojulie • three headcoats • mavist • téléphoné • matmos • the teen girls • superface z • central processing unit • double oh stupid • the land and cookie

*which of these bands are real and which ones did we just make up in a fit of idiocy at 11:36 pm! e-mail <disorder@club.ams.ubc.ca> with the correct answers and you win a prize of some sort.

shows, gigs...

FRIDAY DECEMBER 15 Radiogram, Buttless Chaps, Dave, P. Smith@Sugar Refinery (1115 Granville); Joani Byle@Yale (1300 Granville); St. Germain@Commodore (838 Granville); State of the Union@Colbat (917 Main); Deadcats@Brickyard (315 Carroll); Coal@Blinding Light (36 Powell); Mimosa@Purple Onion (Water); Jgoser@Lism@Agriculture, Goulash, I Mudder Accordion, DJ Granny@Video In (1965 Main); Christmas Burlesque@W.I.S.E. Hall (1882 Adanac); The Widower@Blinding Light!; The Butch Erotica Show@i-Spy (Seattle)

SAT 16 George McHettler w/ Bruce Neilson@Sugar Refinery; Joani Byle@Yale; Rich Hope@Anas; Strong Like Tractor@Brickyard; Oh Susanna@Cap College(N Van); State of the Union@Colbat; Prism@Commodore; Rainy City Gay Men's Chorus@Norman Rothstein Theatre (941 E. 41st); Honey Box@Pic Pub (620 W. Pender); Orchid Highway@Railway (579 Dunsmuir); Kate Hammet-Vaughn@Western Front (303 E. 8th); DJ Hoschi@Sonar (66 Water); Butch Murphy and His Greasy Kings@Silverstone Tavern (2733 Commercial); Holylittlechristmaswitchcamp@W.I.S.E. Hall; The Widower@Blinding Light!; Digital Underground@i-Spy (Seattle, two shows!)

SUN 17 Liveline@Sugar Refinery; Brickhouse@Yale; Vede Hille@VECC (1895 Venable); Download@Sonar; Sweet Papa Lowdown@Hot Jazz Club (2120 Main); Long John Baldry; Jerry Doucette, Gal Bowen@Commodore; Katadrone, Uzume Take Ensemble, SFU Pipe Band, Meringstone Pipe Band@Vogue; South of the Border@Blinding Light!

MON 18 Texas Flood@Yale; New Waveaoke@Commodore; Saul Williams@i-Spy (Seattle)
TUE 19 Skye Brooks@Sugar Refinery; Leslie Harris@Yale; Linda McCrae@Railway; Lmleite@West Bar

WED 20 Secret Threes@Sugar Refinery; Dr. Z and The MD's@Yale; Al Simmons@Orpheum(Smith and Seymour); Assertion, Unclean Wiener@Railway; Caricias Cubanas@Commodore; Absolution, Cornucopia@Colbat; George Barret@Cafe Deux Soles; The Rockin' Daddies@Brickyard; The Come On@The Pic

THUR 21 Golden Wedding Band@Sugar Refinery; Vagueros@Yale; Sarah Cheevers@Cafe Deux Soles; Vicki@Marine Club; Ross Botten Trio@O'Douls

FRI 22 Neosphere w/ DJ Chris Harris@Sugar Refinery; Brickhouse@Yale; Carolyn Mark and Her Roommates@Brickyard; Bocephus King@Silverstone; Ruff Randells@Jazz Club; Lowbrows, Tonics, John Goulash@W.I.S.E. Hall; John Nolan Trio@Hot Jazz Club

SAT 23 Blue Collar Bullets@Jazz Club; Carolyn Mark and Her Roommates@Railway; Bocephus King@Silverstone; Staphrocoepus@Commodore

SUN 24 The Beatles of Surrey@Railway Club
MON 25 Christianity Day
TUE 26 Butch Murphy and His Greasy Kings@Railway Club

WED 27 King Jupiter Jazz@Sugar Refinery; Convertibles@Yale; Heyvbean; Goutsblood@Brickyard; Building the Scene@Railway Club

THUR 28 Anna Lullaby@Sugar Refinery; Rocketfish@Railway Club; Mike Allan Trio@O'Douls; Perpetual Dream Theatre@Purple Onion

FRI 29 Neosphere@Sugar Refinery; Mylor James@Yale
SAT 30 Rasta Revival@W.I.S.E. Hall; Source of Labor, Beyond Reality, Candid; DJ Vitamin D@i-Spy (Seattle)

SUN 31 Taylor James@Yale; Red Devils, Assertion, Mr. Plow@Colbat; Molestics@Waldorf (1480 E. Hastings); Bughouse Five, Spryng@W.I.S.E. Hall; Yokozuna@Brickyard; Crust Brothers@Crocodile (Seattle); Beans@Sugar Refinery

MONDAY JANUARY 1 Sleep
TUE 2 Matthew Good Band@Commodore
WED 3 Marilyn Manson@Queen Elizabeth Theatre (Hamilton and Georgia); Matthew Good Band@Commodore

FRI 5 Matthew Shipp Band@Vogue (Granville)
SAT 6 Morning Maker, Templar and Sunnik...@Pit Pub (UBC SUB)
TUE 9 Blue Rodeo@Commodore

WED 10 Blue Rodeo@Commodore; REEL CHOICE@Blinding Light!
THUR 11 BYOB@Blinding Light!
FRI 12 Ruins@Blinding Light!

SUN 13 Dave Douglas@Norman Rothstein Theatre; Neko Case and Her Boyfriends@Richards; On Richards (1036 Richards); Long John Baldry@Commodore; Benjamin Smoke@Blinding Light!; Propagandi, Sook-Yin Lee, The Need, Che, Chapter 127, Trixie's Undersea Adventure@VECC

SUN 14 Benjamin Smoke@Blinding Light!
MON 15 McCoy Tyner Trio@Rossini's (162 Water)

TUE 16 Kate Hammet-Vaughn Sextet@Western Front; Benjamin Smoke@Blinding Light!
WED 17 Benjamin Smoke@Blinding Light!

THUR 18 Benjamin Smoke@Blinding Light!
FRI 19 R.L. Burnside@Richards; Fullgirl Burlesque Night@W.I.S.E. Hall (1882 Adanac); Birthday Machine@Sugar Refinery; Nickelback@Commodore; Multiplex Grand Version 8.0@Blinding Light!

SAT 20 Hepner Brothers@Cellar (3611 W. Broadway); Life History of a Star: The Films of Jennifer Gentle@Blinding Light!

SUN 21 Eye of Newt, with Thief of Baghdad@Blinding Light!
WED 24 Jean Beaudet Trio@Western Front; Kicked@Blinding Light!

FRI 26 Kicked@Blinding Light!
THUR 26 Keb' Mo'@Commodore; Kicked@Blinding Light!
SAT 27 Kicked@Blinding Light!

SUN 28 Kicked@Blinding Light!
MON 29 Tom Wax, DJ Zorasta, Jan Jakarta@Commodore; Anti-Pop Consortium@Sonar
TUE 30 Kicked@Blinding Light!

citr presents

Friday, December 15

Easy Big Fella w/ The Diablotones @ The Anza Club (#3 W. 8th)

Sunday, December 31

Caribbean New Year's Eve Dinner and Dance w/ The Headly Duo Steele Band, Elmo Super Sound and Mr. Basie Sound@The Hilton Hotel

special events!!

DEC 15 AND 16 STATE OF THE UNION: BENEFIT FOR NUMIA ABUJAHAL. Racism and death are alive and well in Canada and the US. Mumia must not die. Go see these bands at the Colbat: Hippies On Fire, Human Error, Scarp, Shitlist, Trenchrats.

DEC 15 Go see **JGOSER@LISM@AGRICULTURE, GOULASH, I MUDDER ACCORDION, DJ GRANNY** @Video In (1965 Main)

DEC 15 AND 16 THE WIDOWER shows at the Blinding Light! Features shows by Coal, the Colorifics, Huelvos Rancheros, Neko Case, Dora, and the Eraporatos! Show at 8:30 PM

DEC 20 Sugar's Going Steady Christmas Party at the Piccadilly featuring the **COME ONS!**

JAN 15-17 MCCOY TYNER TRIO @ ROSSINI'S
One of the greatest living legends in jazz, pianist McCoy Tyner is most famous for his membership in John Coltrane's Classic Quartet. If you have lots of money, go see him before he dies. Please.

coming up

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6
Tina Kwesti Johnson@Sonar
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10
Culture @ Commodore
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14
Brad Mehldau@VECC

all-ages

DEC 16 Uncle Monster Space Circus w/ Cafe Insomnia, Hooligan, Smut-peddling Sam @ the Java Joint (10727 King George Highway)
Fridays, Saturdays, and Tuesdays Swing Cats Ball@the Legion (2205 Commercial)

DEC 22 Ruff Randells@Java Joint
DEC 23 Blue Collar Bullets@Java Joint

JAN 1 Choice Words Cabaret at Vancouver East Cultural Centre featuring Ina Muscio, Farrell Spence, Cass King, Abby Wener, Fiona Tyler, the Public 1, Sarah Hunt and Morgan Brayton, TL Cowan, Ivan E. Coyote, Mary Sue Bell, Vic, and Trakla. Hosted by Sister Spit's Rambler! Roadshow.

JAN 12 But Naked Vede Hille, Live On Release and Lily Frost at VECC.

JAN 13 Propagandi, Sook-Yin Lee, The Need, Rae Spoon, Trixie's Undersea Adventure and Che Chapter 127.

theatre/dance/literary/art

never-ending

MONDAYS The Union (Brit Pop)@Purple Onion; Your Older Brother's Bedroom (Glam Rock)@Chameleon; Poo (DJ Czech and Janis Brown)@West Bar; Open Acoustic Night @The Pic; Soul Stream@Pit Donje

TUESDAYS Pressure Drop (Reggae) @Purple Onion; Jambalaya (funk/hiphop/etc.)@Chameleon; Phat Tuesday@The Brickyard; Spoken Word@Bukowski's; Mike Allen Trio@The Cellar; Audio-visual performances@DVB; Brian St. Clair and Czech@Luv-a-Fair

WEDNESDAYS CITR PRESENTS The Funktion (funk)@Chameleon; Chocolate (R&B)@Purple Onion; DJ John @West Bar; Rec Room@The Pic; \$1.49 Day@The Brickyard

THURSDAYS ElectroLush@Lava Lounge; DJ Czech@West Bar; Lampin' w/ MC QB and DJ Vinyl Ritchie@Chameleon; Scotch and Soul w/ DJ Clarence@The Pic; DJ Night@The Brickyard

FRIDAYS Resurrection (dance)@Purple Onion; Silhouette (house)@Chameleon; Flamenco Rojo@The Cafe Montemartre; Sumalao@Latin Quarter

SATURDAYS Platinum (dance)@Purple Onion; Freedom (house)@West Bar; Jazuid w/ DJ Doctor J@Chameleon; DJ Jeremy Warren@Luv-A-Fair; Flamenco@Keno Cafe; Dana D@Sonar

SUNDAYS Sanctuary (goth)@Purple Onion; Nice w/ DJs Leanne and Dickey Doo w/ Cotton in the house@Chameleon; DJ Metal Martin@The Brickyard

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE!

TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, HERE, WHEN) TO 822.9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR FEBRUARY ISSUE IS JANUARY 30TH!

DISCORDER

needs a new

EDITOR



hard working music-lovers with lots of spare time and patience are encouraged to apply for this demanding but fun and rewarding position.

you should have: good people skills; excellent written english; some computer experience, though we will train (we use word and quark on macs); and most importantly, a passionate relationship with independent and local music.

this position starts in april/may 2001. with training beginning in february.

this is a volunteer position with a small honorarium.

please call barbara at 822.3017 ext. 3 or linda at 822.1242 or email discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca for more information.

CHAMELEON

bar downtown

801 W. Georgia St. Vancouver, BC
For info call: (604) 669.0806
Nightly from 8:30pm Fridays from 5pm

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thur
Your Older Brother's Bedroom DJs Sexboy & Flash spin all the original Glam Rock Faves. Be disco w/ The Body Perver. Alternative dress encouraged. \$5, doors 9pm	Jambalaya FIWHU presents an evening of soul, funk, jazz & hip-hop with DJs Blaise, Science & Agee. \$5, doors 9pm.	The Funktion presented by CTR 101.3 fm Vancouver's Premier Funk Night! CTR DJs Lush and Nati X mix the finest funk faves with acid jazz & slick soul. \$5, doors 9pm	Lampin' DJ Vinyl Ritchie spins breaks, beats, hip-hop & drum n bass w/ local vocal diva MCs Kia & QB. \$5, doors 9pm.
Fri	Sat	Sun	
Silhouette DJs J Hills and Mike McQuig mix the lush classic house with the deep bizness. Visuals by Urban. \$6, doors 9pm.	Jazdup Live local and international acts on rotation w/ DJ DrJ as resident soul selector jazzin' up your house. Cover \$7, doors 9pm.	Nice Sexalicious house music from DJs Leanne and Dickey Doo. Hosted by the House of Venus. \$5, doors 9pm.	

Closed for the holidays Dec. 24, 25, 26th

SPECIAL EVENTS:

12/27 - Audio Whore (A noise) @ The Funktion
12/31 - New Year's Eve Debauchery Ball @ Nice - Tix on sale now!
w/ DJ's Leanne, Dickey Doo, Eddy Toot & host Colton [House of Venus]



www.chameleonlyounge.com



It's a Team Mint Happy Holidays Wish to you!

NEW TOWN ANIMALS
OUT SOON!

BRAND NEW!

A TEAM MINT XMAS VOL. 1
5-SONG 7" \$4PPD
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2001: A BLUETOOTH DISSEY

THEIEVY CORPORATION

Shadows of Ourselves

CDEP

Don't stop 'til you get enough! **THEIEVY CORPORATION** return with four gems from its ultra-chic *Mirror Conspiracy* sessions. Honchos **Eric Hilton** and **Rob Garza** invite you to their table for the new sonic discussion: topics include **John's** blessed-out bossa beats, the scores of **Morricone's** sophisticated Italian milers, and that magic made by **Astrid Gilberto** way down by the surf in Brazil! If your motto is "Last Night A Cocktail Saved My Life," then we suggest a round on the **THEIEVY CORPORATION** **CDEP 9.98**

KID 606

GQ On The EQ co

This sweet-pops man gets in the young electronic scene makes more cute broken beats that you than most people but keep us happy! Needs that we are, we own all the vinyl that these tracks are gathered from, but it's nice to have them all in one place. Dreamy! **CDEP 9.98**

CDEP 9.98

Various

THE LYRICIST LOUNGE VOL. II

Consistency, in a word, is what makes for a well rounded label. Let's break this down. Consistency is the sum of the parts: knowledge, the eye for talent, and a will to break out from the standard-form — while evolving the self. **Rowkus Records** is recognizable for hip-hop consistency. Rounding out a stellar year with this fine installment in their **Lyrical Lounge** series, **Rowkus** pulls up for the perfect year and code. Featured tracks include: **Mos Def & Ghostface Killah**, **G-Up** and **Woods**. **Kool G Rap**, **Dilated Peoples**, **Big I**, **Pharoeah Monci** with **Nate Dogg**, plus others. What comes next? **CDEP 10.98**

BOARDS OF CANADA

In a Beautiful Place out in the Country

CDEP 12"

The cold wind blows in and pinches my cheeks; everything outside looks so clear. **THE BOARDS OF CANADA** hang out on the grooves from their last record but now call with keyboards that draw from **Brian Eno's** ambient series. Simple, haunting melodies have never been so beautiful. **CDEP 10.98 12" 10.98**



THE NASTY ON Lester Bangs CDEP

Hot rocks is right, Vancouver! Finally the debut release by these gravel-throated, power-chording bad boys. Here are six tracks that are sure to endear the band to the black hair and leather crowd and beyond. Excellent front cover illustration of that legendary rock scene who would surely love them as much as we do. Devil-horn salutes all yours! **CDEP 8.98**

JOHN ZORN

Filmworks IX: Trembling Before G-D co

Like a bullet in the Brooklyn night, the best bonuses through the cobbled streets reverberating in the shadows below red brick apartments. This is not bebop — this is sinister jazz. Cool. Ghost-god cool. Pariah jazz. Haxed breaths, up through the doors of the outcast sound, born to pierce the safety of silence. Read on. Continuing our spotlight on **JOHN ZORN** and **Masada**, we present **ZORN's** first soundtrack work in over three years! Joined by clarinetist **Chris Speed** and **Janie Safir** on organ, these filmworks are the sounds of things you'll never see. **CDEP 16.98**

AMOR, BELHOM, BURNS, CONVERTINO

Tete A Tete coLP

Staring at an inch of **Penro** in a skinty blue jeans. I realised the French cabaret scene had destroyed my liver. In the cafe, the band turns up by midnight — ready to lay out the remnants of a daydream, a deep log of fire. They look spoked out — too many hours with **Gilgamesh** in their mouths and a **Gide** paperback. Back in America they are known as **Caliceira**, here they've modified their **Giant Sans** to a more humble sound into a more jazz-cats lounge edge. The room fills with **Gilgamesh's** latest indie-electro-pop update **MAGNETOPHONE** under stand limitations, as well as their possibility to transform them into favourable aesthetics. Their sound is lush, organic and dreamy — imagine **My Bloody Valentine** playing water polo with **Third Eye Foundation** at a pool of **Calla Lilies**. This image would be expensive to realise, so keep it in mental magic and check out **MAGNETOPHONE**! **CDEP 16.98**

CDEP 16.98 LP 16.98

MOUSE ON MARS

Instrumentals co

While polishing my glasses on my cardigan, I became greatly intrigued by the sounds of the stereo. "What are these cutting-edge minimal sounds?" I asked myself. Upon investigation, I was pleased to discover that the tracks were formulated and lovingly crafted by none other than **Jan St. Werner** and **Andi Tams** — **MOUSE ON MARS**! The smart and intellectually stimulating sounds of this related outting peaked my interest, and so I emptied my already meagre-filled pockets to purchase these sound pieces. Don't I tell like a fool! (However well-educated I may be) when I get home and realised that "Instrumentals" is a re-release, and I already owned it on **EP**! **CDEP 19.98**



THE GENTLE WAVES

A Swansong for You co

These pages have long sung the praises of **Belle and Sebastian**, and now, like sparrows knowing that there is a fall world beyond the nest, they must take flight. **Sorrow-bellies** songs like these enchant the Norwegian Woods and provide the perfect fodder for winter walks with a Walkman beneath your faux-fur lined parka. **Isobel Campbell** finds time away from her duties as cellist and vocalist for **Belle and Sebastian** to branch out as a chanteuse à la **Nico**. **Sandy Shaw** and **Dusty Springfield**! A nice wistery listen! **CDEP 19.98**

MAGNETO-PHONE

I Guess

Sometimes I

Need to be

Reminded of

How Much You Love Me co

In London, apartments are rather cramped. But then again, how much square footage does one need to make some points in the culture industry? Minimal. Instead, many tilt with technology and one finds making music is really possible. This isn't indie-electro-pop update **MAGNETOPHONE** under stand limitations, as well as their possibility to transform them into favourable aesthetics. Their sound is lush, organic and dreamy — imagine **My Bloody Valentine** playing water polo with **Third Eye Foundation** at a pool of **Calla Lilies**. This image would be expensive to realise, so keep it in mental magic and check out **MAGNETOPHONE**! **CDEP 16.98**

MONOLAKE

Gravity co

Gravity works on you at a rate of 9.8 meters per second. If you fell out a window, this is the rate you'd fall at. Depending on how high the window is, you'd see your whole life flash before you in a about one second. Berlin based post-minimal techno purists **MONOLAKE** will know that seconds can seem like an eternity. Their sound designs are typified by slow evolutions of shifting timbre and beat. Listening to their discs can easily cause one's heart rate to lower. Close your eyes and you may drift away, but don't worry — Gravity will bring you back to earth. **CDEP 19.98**

RALPH

This is for The Night People

CD

French inhaling, the smoke curls through the gills of the late night streets. Who's out at this hour? Shimmery up your lovely shadow and get with the beat of **RALPH's** latest 200 jazz-jazz-jazz-jazz-jazz. (Beats) seductive bowlers, bowlers, bowlers. As the smoke empties slowly towards daylight. Experience... beauty, that can't be bought! **CDEP 14.98**



CHRISTINE BRADY

BLONDE REHEARD

Melody of Certain Damaged Lemons

POLE 3

DESTROYER: Thief

BEANS: Tired Snow

FOR CANTATION: S/T

SEUR ROS: Agagie Byrlyn

DO MAKE SAY THINK: Goodbye Enemy

Airship the Landlord is Dead

ALAN MOTO: Model 3 Step 2

IDA: Will You Find Me

IDA: Will You Find Me

CHRISTINE

BEHIND BURGALAT: Sssound of Mmmusis

DOVES: Lost Souls

CINAMON: Verlog

VARIOUS: GENIUS OF BERTRAND BURGALAT

LADYTRON: Commodore Rock

SAYT ETERNE: Sound of Water

BROADCAST: The Noise Made by People

BALENDRE: You Will Have Your Revenge

LOUIS PHILIPPE: A Kiss in the Furthouse

GRACIA: Suzuki

GRANT

GRANDADY: Software Slump

BROADCAST: The Noise Made by People

RAHMOHEAD: Kid A

YO LA TENGO: And Then Nothing Turned It Inside Out

BLACKALICES: IMA

BELLARIS: Grand Fury

TRANS AM: Red Line

GIANT SAND: Chores of Enchantment

VARIOUS: CAROLINE NOW BEACH BOYS

TRINITY: TRINITY

BEACHWOOD SPARKS: S/T

JANNINE

DELTRON 3030: S/T

MF DOOM: Dooreeday

KNOX: Blackboards

HAIKU DE'AT

UGLY DUCKLING: Journey to Anywhere

BARAHAMIA: BB Queen

THE CHIMPANZ: Honey-moon's Over

VARIOUS: UNDISCO PROJECT

DILATED PEOPLES: The Platform

COMMON: Like Water For Chocolate

JASON

ROYAL TRUX: Pound For Pound

VUE: S/T

THE DELTA 72: 000

THE WADLOCKS: S/T

THE CHIMPANZ: Honey-moon's Over

PRIMAL SCREAM: Extremist

BLONDE REHEARD: Melody of Certain Damaged Lemons

THE BLOND BROTHERS: This Auditory is Ripe

ELASTIC: A Taste Of Complete Perspective

THE BROWN JEWELSTONE MASSACRE: Zero

JOSH

FAUST: The Wumme Years 1970-1973 box set

HALL OF FAME: S/T

BLUE PINE: S/T

BOREDOMS: Vision Creation Sun

SUN CITY GIRLS: Carnival Folklore

RESURRECTION: SEAN

JACKIE O: Motherfuckers - Fig 3

DRAGS: Set Right Fit to Blow Clean up

VIBRACANTAL: Orchestral Versatile

Arachnid Chart

TOP TENS OF THE YEAR 2000!

BONUS: RECEIVE 10% ANY OF THESE TITLES 'TIL JANUARY 31, 2001

BRADY
BLONDE REHEARD - Melody of Certain Damaged Lemons
POLE 3
DESTROYER: Thief
BEANS: Tired Snow
FOR CANTATION: S/T
SEUR ROS: Agagie Byrlyn
DO MAKE SAY THINK: Goodbye Enemy
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GRANDADY: Software Slump
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BELLARIS: Grand Fury
TRANS AM: Red Line
GIANT SAND: Chores of Enchantment
VARIOUS: CAROLINE NOW BEACH BOYS
TRINITY: TRINITY
BEACHWOOD SPARKS: S/T

JANNINE
DELTRON 3030: S/T
MF DOOM: Dooreeday
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JASON
ROYAL TRUX: Pound For Pound
VUE: S/T
THE DELTA 72: 000
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RESURRECTION: SEAN
JACKIE O: Motherfuckers - Fig 3
DRAGS: Set Right Fit to Blow Clean up
VIBRACANTAL: Orchestral Versatile
Arachnid Chart
PRISM: Museum of Imaginary Animals
HOCKEYKUT: Omuth Haholali / 400 Boys

STEVE
DESTROYER: Thief
DEARS: End of A Hollywood Bedtime Story
NEW PORNOGRAPHERS: Mass Romantic
WILL ODOMAN: MURPHY: All Most Heaven
DESTROYER: S/T
HOLLY GILBERT: God Don't Like It
THE CAUSEY WAY: Testimony
GOODSPEED YOU BLACK EMPEROR: Raise Your Skinny Fists...
THE NEW HEAD: The Need to Dead
JURASSIC: S Quality Control

Special some holiday time with the
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1869 West 46 Avenue
10pm to 6pm
19th Floor
showing:
7. Brincat
1st January 15
2nd January 20
3rd January 20
4th January 20
5th January 20
6th January 20
7th January 20
8th January 20
9th January 20
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